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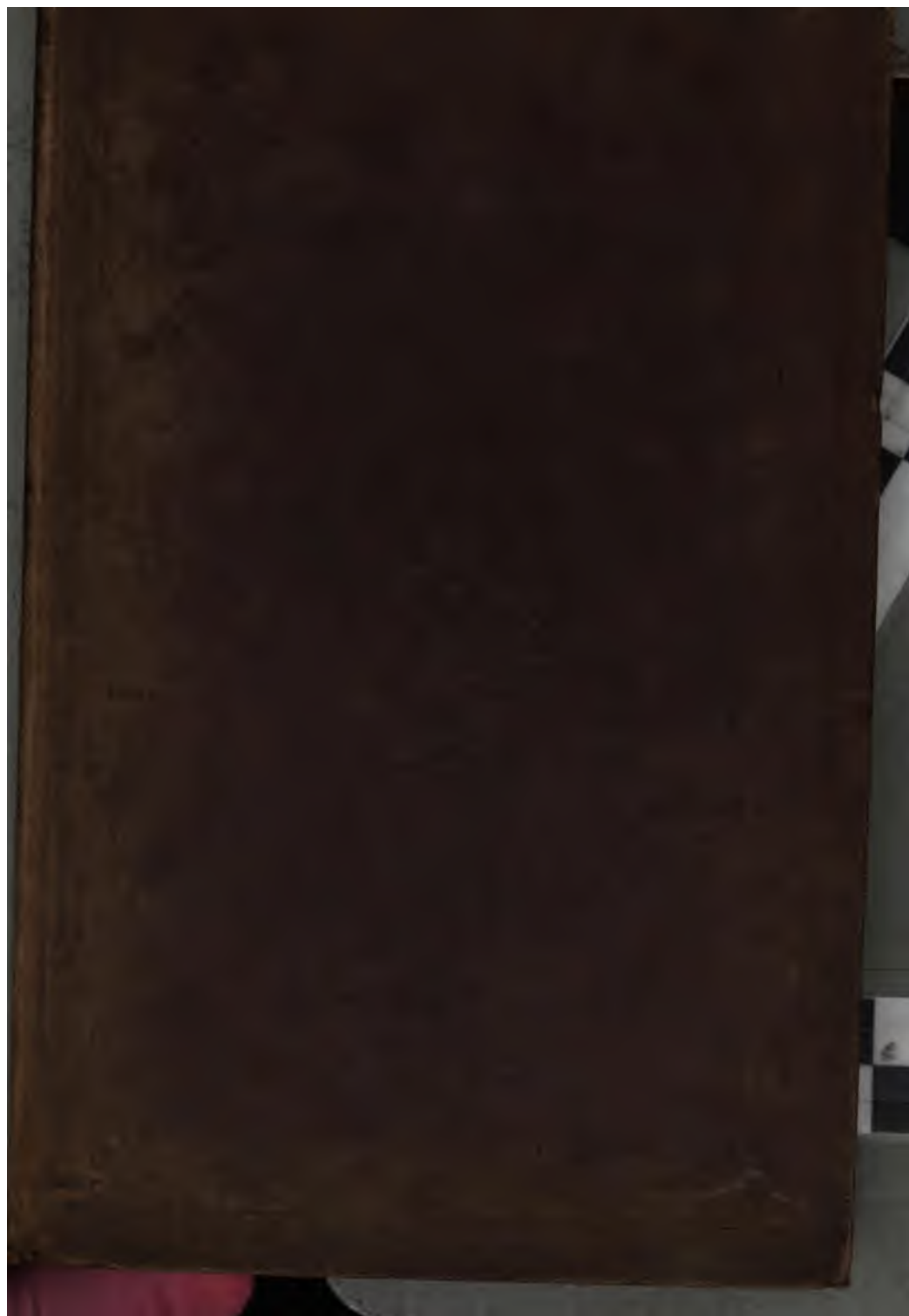
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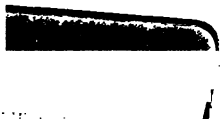
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POEMS:

TRIBUTES TO SCARBOROUGH,

*Odes on Wellington & Napoleon,*

HADDON HALL,

ODE ON THE RUINS OF CONISBRO' CASTLE,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

BY

BEN. FENTON.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

RIDGE AND JACKSON, SHEFFIELD;

*And the other Booksellers, Sheffield.*

1843.

ANN 2157



## PREFACE.

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It will be seen, from the subjects, that some of the pieces inserted must necessarily have been written many years ago, and, therefore, that the aspirant for public approval cannot now shelter any deficiencies that may appear, under the plea of youth. To one thing, however, he may perhaps fearlessly pretend—to the certainty of none of the Poems being capable of giving offence to either religious sect or political party, from anything that is advanced in them. Any disapproval must arise from an apparent lack of talent, or the failure of poetical imagination.



Of these last he is only too painfully fearful ;  
and can only hope that some embodiment of  
feeling, some redeeming idea, may be found,  
that may tend to soften any asperity of criti-  
cism, which else it might be useless to deprecate.

*Sheffield, Feb. 2nd, 1843.*

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## P O E M S.

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### THE PRE-EMINENCE OF NATURAL GRACE.

THERE is a charm in Nature's mien,  
A soft bewitching grace,  
A mingled harmony serene,  
Beyond the fairest face.  
What though the critic's art define  
Exact proportion, beauty's line,  
There is an air, a native glow,  
A mild deportment—modest ease—  
Which studied art can ne'er bestow,  
And which must ever please.

Though Beauty's eye transport the sense,  
And wild emotions dart,  
The charms of gentle innocence  
Entwine the willing heart.  
Unskill'd in spell of fashion's maze,  
The glare of splendour's magic blaze,  
No wily art her hopes assume ;  
Her wishes angels might approve,  
Her softly beaming eyes illumine  
The brightest torch of love.

## TO A LADY,

IN REPLY TO THE QUESTION, "WHEN WILL  
TIME BE NO MORE?"

WITH beauty graced, with wit endued,  
And tasting bliss without alloy ;  
Blushing with health, thy mantling blood  
Flows rich in purple tides of joy.  
Amidst the hopes that life endear,  
The gifts from nature's cup that pour,  
You ask, as ebbs the circling year—  
"What means, when time shall be no more?"

When from the source of pity's tears  
The kindred flood shall cease to flow ;  
When nature, sunk in want and years,  
No more shall wake the radiant glow ;



When heaven-born charity shall cease  
 Her melting, soothing strains to pour ;  
 In misery's ear to whisper peace—  
 'Tis then that time shall be no more.

Throughout our globe's remotest reign,  
 In every clime, however rude,  
 The most uncultured minds retain  
 An ardent sense of gratitude ;  
 When this shall cease to nerve the heart,  
 Implanted in its inmost core,  
 The soul must quit its mortal part—  
 'Tis then that time shall be no more.

Friendship, whose heart dilates with joy,  
 When skies cerulean gild our fields ;  
 And when the noxious clouds destroy,  
 The balm that mutual solace yields ;  
 When hours of bliss unheeded fly,  
 Or sorrow claims from friendship's store  
 In vain, the sympathetic sigh—  
 'Tis then that time shall be no more.

When the full eye of heavenly blue  
     Shall in its mildest lustre speak ;  
 When the soft blush of roseate hue  
     Shall tinge the snow of beauty's cheek ;  
 Each grace that strengthens beauty's reign,  
     And bids her willing slaves adore ;  
 When these shall plead, yet plead in vain—  
     'Tis then that time shall be no more.

When peerless Love, whose magic spell  
     The peasant and the prince enslaves ;  
 Whose charms the hero's bosom swell,  
     O'er whom the verdant laurel waves ;  
 When all the pleasures Love can give,  
     Its varied bliss, its raptures o'er ;  
 When dead the joys for which we live—  
     'Tis then that time shall be no more.

When Hope, the spark that never dies,  
     Though nature's embers, faintly gleam ;  
 That kindly lingers 'midst our sighs,  
     To soothe the heart, and bless our dream ;

No more shall blunt the rankling thorn,  
The future paint in joys of yore ;  
Shall cease in night to greet the morn—  
'Tis then that time shall be no more.

Time shall be past, and nature dead,  
When Pity makes a vain appeal ;  
When every grateful feeling fled,  
And Friendship's heart is cased in steel ;  
When Beauty's eye implores and fails,  
And Love's enchanting reign is o'er ;  
When Hope departs on northern gales—  
'Tis then that time shall be no more.

## THE SELFISH MAN.

Is there a being, on this mortal sphere,  
Whom none beholdeth with complacent eye ?  
Is there a being, to no kindred dear,  
That dying, could not wake one parting sigh ?  
Breathes there in human guise, of woman born,  
A wretch so drear, so lost, so utterly forlorn ?

Say ! can this beauteous, wide extended globe,  
One being cast in mortal mould reveal,  
Whose heart no human wretchedness can probe,  
Or for a brother's pangs no pang can feel ?  
Can there exist, in nature's boundless space,  
A creature so despised, its loathing, and disgrace ?

Lives there the man, that would not softly speak  
 To the poor mourner, overwhelm'd with woe ;  
 Or soothe the sorrow that corrodes the cheek,  
 Or wipe the tears of anguish as they flow ;  
 Whose nerves no links of sympathy can bind,  
 Estranged from all his race, an alien to his kind ?

Yes ! there are beings on this planet, earth,  
 Who hold of human nothing but the form ;  
 Who would destroy by myriads, and for dearth  
 Of subjects would e'en crucify a worm :  
 Savage in nature, cruel, yet astute,  
 And, than the wolf or tiger, still more brute.

Devoid of social impulse, friendship, love,  
 And only worshippers of sordid pelf ;  
 Whose iron breast no kindly feelings move,  
 Frigid to all around, absorb'd in self :  
 Who vegetate their hour, detested, spurn'd,  
 Then quit the scene of life, unpitied, and un-  
 mourn'd.

THE 137<sup>TH</sup> PSALM PARAPHRASED.

WE sat and lamented by Babylon's stream,  
 Thee, Sion, bewail'd, both in daylight and dream ;  
 Our harps, whose attunements no longer could  
     please,  
 In mournful regret were suspent from the trees ;  
 Whilst they, in whose bondage as captives we  
     moved,  
 Demanded a song of that Sion we loved.  
 Yet how could we answer so strange a demand—  
 How sing the Lord's song in an enemy's land ?  
 When I prove, mighty Salem ! forgetful of thee,  
 Let my trusty right hand no longer be free—  
 If thee I prefer not, or cease to bewail,  
 Let my tongue lose its powers, its energies fail !

Remember, O Lord ! how the Edomite race  
Sought the downfall of Salem, and hail'd her  
disgrace.

O ! daughter of Babylon, glad shall he be,  
What thou meted to us, that re-measures to  
thee ;

And blest and still happier he shall be found,  
That seizes thy offspring, and treads to the  
ground !

## TO A LOOKING-GLASS.

BRIGHT reflector of our features,  
To each lovely female dear,—  
Without thee, the pretty creatures  
Would not half so fair appear.

Each at morn her homage paying,  
Bows before thy splendid shrine ;  
And by thee her charms arraying,  
Mortal beauty grows divine.

When the ladies are so killing,  
Men can no resistance make ;  
Victory gain'd without blood spilling,  
Hearts by coup de main they take



Not alone our females to thee  
 Fondly fly, and court thine aid ;  
 Modern beaux delight to woo thee,  
 And behold themselves display'd.

They, before thy sparkling lustre,  
 Cravat upon cravat tie ;  
 Cockneys lisp, and captains bluster,  
 And the tender lovers sigh.

Could we, on thy surface shining,  
 View the features of the mind ;  
 And, whene'er to faults inclining,  
 Be to mend those faults inclined—

In thy glass each passion viewing,  
 In its most terrific form ;  
 Vice reflecting utter ruin—  
 We at once should take alarm.

Anger with its eye-balls glaring,  
 Envy sickly, pale, and wan,—  
 And Revenge, with frown o'erbearing,  
 Index sure of feeble man !

Mirrors thus our face distorting,  
Sure we could not see in vain ;  
But to Virtue's paths resorting,  
Eager fly to join her train.

ON MY DAUGHTER LUCY'S ATTAINING  
THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER FIRST  
BIRTH-DAY.

My darling babe, my cherub blossom,  
Reclining on thy mother's bosom,—  
With all a father's thrilling pleasure,  
Thy father greets his little treasure.

Twelve months, in quick revolving season,  
Have mantled o'er thine infant graces ;  
Whilst every kindling burst of reason,  
With rapturous joy each parent traces.

List to thy father ! baby, listen !  
A moment, mother, cease caressing !  
Whilst on his lids the tear-drops glisten,  
Look up, and hear thy father's blessing !

He asks not for thee splendour, riches—  
 For thee invokes not fell ambition,  
 But humbly of his God beseeches  
 To grant thee moderate condition.

He asks not that thy moments fleeting  
 Should pass in one unruffled current,—  
 But shouldst thou ocean's tempests meeting,  
 Invokes thee strength to brave the torrent.

He trusts his gracious God will give thee  
 Those gifts his Providence deems wanting;  
 In sorrow's troubled hour relieve thee,  
 And all thy prudent wishes granting.

Be it to thee, my cherub blossom—  
 Reclining on thy mother's bosom,—  
 On earth good fruits to culture given,  
 And bloom eternally in heaven.

## ODE TO MAY.

SWEET odour-breathing month, we hail  
Thy thousand beauties spread around ;  
The grass-green hill, the flowery vale,  
The sylvan scene, the fairy ground.  
And as thy magic hand we trace,  
The charms thy passing hours display,  
The smile of pleasure glads the face—  
With joy we hail thee, month of May !

Lull'd by thy spell, the wintry blast  
Has still'd the horrors of its reign,  
And nature rich, luxurious, chaste,  
In blooming verdure smiles again.

The little songsters chirp and sing,  
 The lambkins frolic through the day;  
 All greet the mild return of spring,  
 And cheerly hail thee, month of May!

While man, for whom these sweets abound,  
 With reason's noblest powers endued,  
 Dwells on the varied beauties round,  
 And argues thus in pensive mood:  
 "The hill and dale their charms resume,  
 The trees and flowers, in colours gay,  
 Emerging from their wintry tomb,  
 More beauteous hail thee, month of May!

"So when our wintry life is o'er,  
 And care's desponding terrors fail;  
 When the rude blast is heard no more,  
 To threaten through our narrow vale;  
 May we, arising from the tomb,  
 As flowers, yet fairer clad than they,—  
 Crown'd with the wreaths that ever bloom,  
 With rapture hail eternal May!"

THE SUN'S RE-APPEARANCE AFTER  
LONG ABSENCE.

WHEN clouds long hide the face of heaven,  
And rains in torrents pour amain ;  
How the soul greets its influence given,  
When the sun shines again.

In every heart it wakens pleasure ;  
The pulses throb with double beat ;  
We hail it as a new-found treasure,  
And dread lest it retreat.

The breast before absorb'd in sorrow,  
That felt the tides of anguish press,  
At least a transient gleam may borrow,  
And feel its burden less.

When the bright orb that gladdens nature,  
 Shrouded too long en deshabelle,  
 Bursts forth array'd in every feature,  
 Intense the bosom's thrill.

Spite of ourselves, we yield to rapture ;  
 Joy unexpected wakes around ;  
 The heart, surprised in willing capture,  
 Dances on fairy ground.

The scenes around that droop'd in sadness,  
 And did their sable hues impart,  
 With vivid green rewake to gladness  
 Each current of the heart.

The change throughout the visage playing,  
 The bliss that bids the bosom swell ;  
 Beyond the painter's art portraying—  
 Or poet's power to tell—



## SONNET

ON BEHOLDING THE RUINS OF CONISBOROUGH  
CASTLE, NEAR DONCASTER.

SEE on the summit of yon rising hill,  
 The lofty turrets mouldering to decay !  
 Where once the feudal baron's haughty will  
 Ruled o'er his vassals with despotic sway :  
 How changed the tide ! how varied all around—  
 The pensive musing wakes reflection's tear ;  
 No more the jocund shouts of mirth resound,  
 The whole a scene of desolation drear—  
 'Tis ruin all—the trees with foliage green  
 That once appear'd, now hold a browner shade ;  
 Wave their rude branches with majestic mien,  
 And seem to mourn the ravage time has made :  
 The blasts that howl throughout, the fall of  
 grandeur tell,  
 The shrieks of th' midnight bird, proclaim its  
 funeral knell !

**TRIBUTES TO SCARBOROUGH,**

**IN**

**1837, 1838, 1839, AND 1840.**



FIRST TRIBUTE TO SCARBOROUGH,  
IN 1837.

I stood on the projecting steep,  
 And look'd around with eager eye ;  
 I saw the flood-gates of the deep,  
 Rolling their world of waters by.  
 I watch'd each wave, in crested pride,  
 That swell'd and froth'd with whiten'd  
 spray ;  
 Then sank into the general tide,  
 And whirl'd its waters far away.

The wide expanse, the rising wave,  
 Of many a varied colour seen ;  
 One portion dusky as the grave,  
 The other like the meadow green :

These in a lengthen'd mass combine,  
 And in their sparkling lustre glow ;  
 First form the undulating line,  
 And then in broken surges flow.

I love to see thy waters break,  
 As they magnificently roll ;  
 It fills a furrow in the cheek,  
 It gives a calmness to the soul :  
 In all their length and depth around,  
 To see thy waves in grandeur rise ;  
 Erst seek in humble guise the ground,  
 And then contending with the skies.

When smiling in thy peaceful mood,  
 With visage calm, and bosom fair,  
 How are thy glassy waters wooed,  
 For all is smooth and tranquil there !  
 But soon thy halcyon hours subside,  
 And they who hail'd thine olive crown,  
 Mourning the evils that betide,  
 Must seek to deprecate thy frown.

Then, fleets that on thy bosom ride,  
 In gallant bearing, firm, secure,  
 Must shun the breeze that fann'd their pride,  
 And shrinking, practise to endure :  
 They, that like castles tower'd the main,  
 Impregnable to human eye,  
 Must, like the swan in ancient strain,  
 A requiem sing, and learn to die.

For, when thy wrathful mood awakes,  
 What skill can with thy power contend ?  
 The boldest of thy children quakes—  
 Thou mak'st his rugged nature bend ;  
 By rain, in floods and winds impell'd,  
 To angry surge and mountain's height,  
 Lash'd into foam thy billows swell,  
 And fret and rage in all their might.

Yet billows' swell and mountain waves,  
 Nor all the threat'ning winds that blow,  
 Nor sunken rocks that vessels brave,  
 Alone disturb thy placid brow ;

Another fierce, insidious foe,\*  
 From ambush kindles into light ;  
 The smother'd fire that wakes below,  
 Bursts forth in dreadful splendour bright.

When the night's still and lonesome hour  
 With sable mantle veils the sky ;  
 The fates their direst vengeance pour—  
 “The ship on fire !” the fearful cry.  
 The trembling mariners essay,  
 With all the waters of the main,  
 The flames that rage throughout to stay—  
 They strive to quench, but strive in vain.

The heavens with murky clouds o'erspread,  
 A moment since—with horrid glare  
 Now, brighten with unnatural red,  
 And smoke in columns fills the air.

\* These three verses in allusion to the brig Fanny, from London to Stockton, which, on the 20th of last month, late at night, took fire off Filey Bay, and burned to the water's edge ; all the crew and passengers being saved by boats that put off from the shore.

Hark! she explodes!\* but aid is near—  
 With energy the crew to save,  
 The friendly boats from shore appear—  
 Nor fire, nor water, fills their grave.

How grand, how beautiful the thought!  
 The intercourse of clime with clime.  
 Ships, with their natural produce fraught,  
 Dissever space, contend with time;  
 That foreign shores, that distant lands,  
 Which mighty oceans separate—  
 Can join, in union shaking hands,  
 Meet present wants, and fresh create.

To muse on cities, whose extent,  
 Beyond man's usual credence, great;  
 Which argosies in thousands sent,  
 Whilst merchant-princes ruled their state.  
 To think that broken is the spell,  
 Their hour of grandeur flitted by;  
 And not a stone remains to tell  
 Where e'en their ruins ought to lie!

\* A small quantity of powder exploded in the vessel.



O'er thee in peace flotillas glide,  
 In vast, interminable room,  
 Or, braving mortal strength, decide  
 At once their own, and countries' doom.  
 Roused to the bloody deeds of war,  
 Their thunder, with tremendous roar,  
 Exceeds the elemental jar,  
 And echoes loud from shore to shore,

O'er thy green main a glorious crowd  
 Of yore—Blake, Monk, and Benbow, sail'd ;  
 Each ocean track their vessels plough'd,  
 With fear surrounding nations quail'd ;  
 And handing down to modern time  
 That flag aloft those worthies bore ;  
 It proudly wafts, with front sublime,  
 In every breeze, a tribute more.

Nelson and Vincent, Duncan, Howe—  
 Immortal names—their country's boast !  
 To each, united empires bow—  
 The guardian of his native coast.

And though these heroes we bewail,  
Be Britain's flag again unfurl'd ;  
Shall future Blakes and Nelsons sail,  
To bear her standard through the world.

SECOND TRIBUTE TO SCARBOROUGH,  
IN 1838.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

DEEP in thine ocean bed,  
Boundless in measure,—  
Rich and rare gems are laid,  
Treasure on treasure.  
Pearls in their crystal case,  
Sparkling and glowing,  
Like tears on beauty's face,  
From bright eyes flowing.

Coral and coralline,  
Widely extended ;  
Latticed with sea-weed green,  
Gracefully blended.

Myriads of active worm,  
 Constant in duty,—  
 From viewless atoms form  
 Islands of beauty.

Jewels along thy strand,  
 Strew'd in profusion,  
 Man's greedy views command,  
 Waking delusion—  
 Baubles for wisdom's sport,  
 Borne on pride's pinion—  
 Holding o'er fashion's court  
 Boundless dominion.

Shells, of each kind and size,  
 Wondrous creation !  
 In quick succession rise,  
 Wake admiration ;  
 Whilst each, in hermit mood,  
 Shrinking from solace,  
 Lives in his armour good,  
 Citadel—palace.

Some to the rocks beneath—  
 Patriots in nation—  
 Clinging, from life to death,  
 Change not their station ;  
 Whilst others gaily steer,  
 Sailing at leisure—  
 Sinking when foes appear,  
 Rising at pleasure.

Creatures to plants allied,  
 Sensitive powers ;  
 In varied colours dyed,  
 Animal flowers :  
 Polypus gelatine,  
 Feelers protruding,—  
 Yet with sensation fine,  
 Contact eluding.

Bright on thy surface plays,  
 Light meteoric ;  
 Flashing with diamond blaze,  
 Insects phosphoric :

Shewing, with splendid glow,  
 Brilliantly beaming,  
 Down to thy depths below,  
 With wonders teeming.

Nature, throughout her plan,  
 Glorious to winnow ;  
 From the Leviathan,  
*Down* to the minnow.  
*Upwards* from specks that move,  
 Scarce life denoting ;  
 To the huge fish that rove,  
 Like islands floating.

Monsters in every shape,  
 Deck'd in all guises ;  
 O'er thy rough tides escape,  
 On enterprises.  
 All fancy's self conceives,  
 Howe'er abhorrent,—  
 Or, what the mind believes,  
 Dart through thy torrent.

Most beasts that graze the plain,  
 Counterpart meeting,  
 Find, in thy briny main,  
 Birthright and greeting :  
 With thousand creatures more,  
 Than nature plastic  
 E'er gave to range the shore,  
 In mood fantastic.

Grottoes beneath thy wave,  
 Crystal bestudded,  
 Where thy calm waters lave,  
 Smooth and pellucid :  
 Sacred from human view,  
 Full ocean feeding,—  
 Unseal'd, with beauties new,  
 Thy tides receding.

Delved by thy waves that roar,  
 O'er rocks stupendous,  
 Deep gulfs engirt thy shore,  
 Whirlpools tremendous ;

There thine o'erwhelming swell,  
 Baffling resistance,  
 Ships to their fate impel—  
 Vain all assistance !

In thy remotest deep,  
 Sunken armadas,  
 With their war freightage sleep—  
 Their thunder laid is.  
 Whether for weal or woe,  
 Was their endeavour ;  
 Now they lie fathoms low,  
 Buried for ever.

Lord of the Universe !  
 Whose breath existence  
 Did erst through space disperse—  
 Present subsistence—  
 All that from thee had birth,  
 Owe thee devotion—  
 Great God of Heaven and Earth !  
 Rock of the Ocean !





THIRD TRIBUTE TO SCARBOROUGH,  
IN 1839.

PROUD Ocean ! roll thy waves along,  
And float thy navies far and wide ;  
To thee my Muse renews her song—  
A tribute to thy foaming tide—  
That lay in former years she sung,  
'Twas answer'd by thy murmuring spray ;  
And though her harp has been unstrung,  
She has not thrown that harp away.

I look upon thy crested wave,  
It nerves the feelings woke of yore,  
I watch thy swelling waters lave,  
As proudly they approach thy shore.

And as thy glorious tides advance,  
 As circling to thy coast they reach,  
 My heart responds—its currents dance,—  
 With feelings too intense for speech.

O! 'tis a noble sight to see,  
 And well the feelings may entrance ;  
 And callous must that mortal be,  
 Who musing o'er thy wide expanse,  
 Can see thy mighty waters roll,  
 In all their graceful beauty by,  
 Without a throbbing of the soul—  
 Without a pleasure-mingled sigh.

SONG.

Green are thy waters, mighty sea !  
 Beauteous the pearls embedded in thee !  
 But I would not forego,  
 The heart's overflow,  
 Awaken'd by cheering sight of thee,  
 For all the pearls thou couldst give to me.

White is thy spray, O mighty wave!  
Rich the gems o'er which thy waters lave;  
    But I would not dispel  
    The heart's fine swell,  
Awaken'd by cheering sight of thee,  
For all the gems thou couldst give to me.

Strong are thy currents, mighty deep!  
Fine the branches of coral beneath that creep!  
    But I would not deny  
    The heart's fond sigh,  
Awaken'd by cheering sight of thee,  
For all the corals thou couldst give to me.

Glorious thy waters, mighty tide!  
With varied and curious shells supplied;  
    But I would not preclude  
    The heart's gratitude,  
Awaken'd by cheering sight of thee,  
For all the wealth thou couldst give to me.

The crimson sun that mounts on high,  
 At first in partial splendour shewn,  
 Soars till he canopies the sky,  
 And step by step ascends his throne :  
 Thence o'er the far extended tide,  
 His joyful rays are widely spread ;  
 Till the full halo of his pride  
 Scorches the deep's remotest bed.

See ! kindled by his golden beam,  
 A thousand brilliant diamonds shine ;  
 That dance reflected from his gleam,  
 Purer than from Golconda's mine :  
 One moment scintillating bright,  
 Born of the sun upon the wave,  
 They perish from excess of light,  
 In glory's blaze they find their grave.

What can surpass the glorious scene—  
 To watch the waves' impetuous flow,  
 When partial clouds, the sun that screen,  
 Veil the intenseness of his glow ?

O'er the green main a darken'd shade,  
 In long extended line behold,  
 With foaming surge of white display'd,  
 A varied field, and fringed with gold.

Whence came this world of waters forth,  
 And what awakes the ebb and flow ?  
 Their origin from heaven or earth—  
 And how that no decrease they know ?  
 Howe'er explained, howe'er defined,  
 Futile the vaunted powers of man ;  
 With all his energies of mind,  
 They end but where they first began.

SONG.

Wide, wide, the ocean,  
 No limits it knows ;  
 None can tell whence it comes—  
 None can tell where it goes.  
 East, west, north, and south,  
 Thy currents extend ;  
 Without source beginning,  
 They flow without end.

O'er the world of thy waters, oh beautiful sea!  
 The rich freighted vessels sail fearless and free.

Fruitful thy bosom,  
 Thou life-teeming sea!—  
 What thousands on thousands  
 Engendered in thee!  
 Mother of myriads,  
 That dwell in thy main,  
 Whilst myriads of mortals,  
 Thy vitals sustain!  
 From the world of thy waters, oh beautiful sea,  
 The earth's countless millions are nurtured by  
 thee!

Where'er thy briny waters roll,  
 In every gulf, howe'er remote,  
 In every clime, from pole to pole,  
 In quest of gain our carracks float;  
 Gaily through every strait they steer,  
 In every sea our sails unfurl'd;  
 Our arts mechanic swell each pier,  
 And British commerce crowds the world,

Could the proud states of former days,  
     Have looked with sight prospective forth,  
 And seen the glow of commerce blaze,  
     Like Borealis from the north,  
 How would their southern skies have look'd—  
     Throughout a deeper crimson thrown—  
 And how their merchant princes brook'd,  
     Wealth that so much surpass'd their own !

In history's recorded page,  
     The merchant-states of Sidon, Tyre,  
 Rose in the world's more early stage—  
     Flash'd brightly, briefly to expire ;  
 And Carthage, in a later day,  
     Contending with imperial Rome,  
 Saw commerce, wealth, and power decay,  
     Unable to avert her doom.

Florence, and Genoa, the proud,  
     In pyramids their imports laid ;  
 The foreign marts their vessels crowd,  
     Monopolizers each of trade.

Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, each in turn,  
 Despotic reign'd the commerce queen ;  
 Now all their former grandeur mourn,  
 Their hour is past—their day hath been.

Venice, with all her gilded piles,  
 That erst in princely bearing stood ;  
 Whose columns graced her thousand isles,  
 That rose like Naiads from the flood.  
 Venice the rich, the proud, the great,  
 Whose commerce bore a regal sway ;  
 Thy tombs declare thy fallen state—  
 All but thy marbles pass'd away.

With all a Briton's conscious pride,  
 I gaze enraptured on the main ;  
 I see our floating bulwarks ride,  
 My country's honour to maintain :  
 'Tis to the world a cheering sight,  
 The cause of justice they ensure ;  
 Protect the weak, the injured right—  
 'Tis Britain's self in miniature.



Whichever side I turn my eye,  
 The British flag in triumph sails ;  
 Prepared to bask in azure sky,  
 Or to encounter wintry gales :  
 Ready to meet her country's foes,  
 Whate'er their numbers, undismay'd,  
 Her gallant front she proudly shews,  
 And only counts her captures made.

The sovereign eagle, poised in air,  
 With open beak and wing unshorn,  
 Looks down, with eye of lightning glare,  
 Upon the world beneath in scorn.  
 So Britain scans the ocean realm,  
 And holding all its seas her own,  
 Steers round its maze with portly helm,  
 And bears no rival near her throne.

## SONG.

O'er all the world of waters  
 I cast my eye around ;  
 Reflecting on the mighty main,  
 With various titles found.

But under whatsoever name,  
 In cold or torrid zone ;  
 Sure none are like the British seas,  
 And those are all our own.  
 Then cheerly hail the British seas,  
 For those are all our own !

Though France may claim a portion,  
 That skirts our favour'd isle,  
 She only holds in feofage,  
 Protected by our smile ;  
 Whilst Holland, with her scanty coast,  
 Holds still a milder tone,  
 And sinks her flag in British seas,  
 And those are all our own.  
 Then cheerly hail &c.

I turn to Spain and Portugal,  
 Within their sea's domain ;  
 But even there the British spell  
 Extends its potent chain ;  
 For none our sovereign rule resist,  
 But bow before our throne,

Though chiefly held in British seas,  
 And those are all our own.  
 Then cheerly hail &c.

Red, Black, and White, and Yellow sea,  
 Each bind our wreath of fame ;  
 And blush in all their various dyes,  
 Acknowledging our claim.  
 In the Red Sea, our flag of red,  
 In White, our white flag shewn ;  
 Our ensigns all in British seas,  
 For those are all our own.  
 Then cheerly hail &c.

The Yellow Sea we lightly hold,  
 Contemptible its hue ;  
 But steering in the Black Sea,  
 We'll bear our flag of blue ;  
 And Russia to her cost shall find,  
 Unless she change her tone,  
 Our flag beyond the British seas  
 Shall make her seas our own.  
 Then cheerly hail the British seas,  
 For those are all our own !

FOURTH TRIBUTE TO SCARBOROUGH,  
IN 1840.

ODE ON THE MOON THEN BEAUTIFULLY SHINING,  
AND REFLECTED ON THE SEA.

EMERGING from the depths of ocean,  
See the moon effulgent rise ;  
Mounting, in her silent motion,  
To her centre in the skies.  
There, amongst the stars that cluster  
In the region of their birth,  
She displays her silver lustre  
To the nations of the earth.

O'er the surface of the water,  
How her sparkling glory beams !  
And though envious clouds distraught her,  
Through the curtain'd clouds she gleams ;

Fringing what impedes her duty  
 With a partial glow of light,  
 Till, emerged in perfect beauty,  
 See, how glorious ! see, how bright !

How the lengthened line of splendour,  
 As her hidden charms unfold,  
 Seem a carpet path to tender,  
 Web of silver, warp of gold ;  
 Every moment changing feature,  
 Scarcely obvious to the eye,  
 Till in heaven's high arch we greet her,  
 And her perfect charms descry.

If such light her 'march victorious  
 Through the vast expanse create ;  
 What must be that Being glorious,  
 Who in secret guides her state ?  
 He shall—robed in light resplendent—  
 He, whom nature's orbs obey—  
 High, majestic, independent—  
 Shine when sun and moon decay !

## SONG

ON THE PROJECTED INVASION.

WRITTEN IN 1804.

THE trumpet's shrill clarion has roused every  
breast,  
And Britons, insulted, their arms have re-  
sumed ;  
As the champion of Albion, each son stands  
confess'd,  
And her haughty invaders to death they have  
doom'd.  
Let them boast of their strength, let them boast  
of their might!  
We well know how fruitless their efforts will  
be ;  
For Britons have ever been famous in fight,  
And will conquer on shore, as they conquer  
by sea.

D

Can they think we shall tamely submit to their  
yoke,

By a despot commanded, a nation of slaves ;  
Possessed as we are of our vessels of oak,  
In which we triumphant ride, lords of the  
waves ?

No ! we laugh at their taunts, and their threats  
we despise,

As for ages we've been, we're resolved to be  
free ;

To oppose Gallic chains in a body we'll rise,  
And we'll conquer on shore, as we conquer by  
sea.

Can they think that we prize not the freedom  
we have,

Or esteem not the blessings that Britons  
enjoy ?

In defence of that freedom all danger we'll brave,  
Nor let their rude hands the great fabric  
destroy.

Their thoughts of invasion are futile and vain,  
And as vain their attempts will most certainly be ;  
In our dear native island no tyrant shall reign,  
For we'll conquer on shore, as we conquer by sea.

## SONG.

## BRITONS' RESOLVE.

HARK ! hark ! in the distance the drum's hollow  
beat,  
And the notes of the trumpet shrill sounding  
afar,  
Have called Britain's sons from their tranquil  
retreat,  
To join her proud ensign—the standard of  
war.

## CHORUS.

To the charge ! to the charge ! let the trumpet  
resound !  
Be Britons' resolve in each blast echoed  
round ;  
Our sires fought for freedom—we feel the same  
fire—  
Like them, we'll preserve it, or losing, expire !



Hark, again! hoarsely breathing, the trumpet  
alarms,

Each heart burns with ardour to join in the  
fight;

With eyes flashing fury, we rush to our arms,  
Then haste to the contest with throbs of de-  
light.

CHORUS.

To the charge, &c.

We gird on our swords in defence of each tie;  
We fly to oppose our implacable foe;  
For Britain we'll conquer, for Britain we'll die—  
The cypress or laurel shall circle our brow.

CHORUS.

To the charge, &c.

INTENDED FOR AN ADDRESS AT THE  
THEATRE, ON THE VOLUNTEER BE-  
SPEAK NIGHT.

“And now our champion, thrice renowned Saint George,  
Inspire us with the rage of lions.”—SHAKESPEARE.

WE feel a more than lion's rage inspire,  
A greater ardour, more congenial fire,  
Throb through our veins, and with a magic  
charm,  
Unite our hearts, and nerve each Briton's arm.  
Freedom! thou first of blessings, 'tis for thee  
We dare the contest, for we will be free!  
Robb'd of thy sacred rights, of what avail  
The ties that bind us to our native vale?  
Could we ensure our joys for one short hour,  
Against the pleasure of a despot's power?  
Or, could we, subject to a tyrant's frown,  
Call our paternal heritage our own?

Alas ! with freedom, every blessing flies,  
 Forsaking us, she joins her native skies ;  
 And we, who should have died her rights to  
     save,

Can only weep, and seek her in the grave.  
 But, hark ! we hear some patriot voices cry,  
 Freedom's our own, with her we'll live, or die ;  
 Ne'er shall Britannia's sons in bondage groan,  
 Nor see a monster seated on her throne ;  
 George is our sovereign, and the laws his guide,  
 Behold a Briton's boast—a Briton's pride !  
 For these each effort of the foe we'll brave,  
 Or hide our tarnished glory in the grave.  
 From whom these cheering sounds that greet  
     the ear ?

Not from one only, but each volunteer.  
 Ye host of heroes ! guardians of our shore,  
 Serenely calm amidst the whirlwind's roar ;  
 To you Britannia looks in danger near,  
 Indignant smiles, and brandishes her spear.  
 She holds her Gallic foe in just disdain,  
 Nor fears her laurels shall receive a stain—  
 No ! she exclaims, your dying hero's words  
 Shall wake your wrath, and animate your swords,

"England expects every man will do his duty!"  
 Here let me pause, a burst of feeling here,  
 Calls for your sighs, and tear to follow tear;  
 Nelson, our glorious chief, his country's pride,  
 Whose matchless valour spread her glory wide,  
 (I feel my heart with solemn triumph swell,  
 Fell!—in the hour of mighty conquest, fell!—  
 His daring soul impatient of delay,  
 First heard the sounds, "Britannia wins the  
 day"—

Then borne in triumph on the wings of fame,  
 To realms above—he left behind his name—  
 The name of Nelson in itself a host,  
 Shall urge your efforts to defend your coast;  
 Think that his honoured shade may hover here!  
 Think, that he hails with joy, each volunteer!  
 And thus he speaks—"Let each his part sus-  
 tain!

Then will the world in arms appear in vain!  
 Britain awaits her sole support in you,  
 And she must conquer, if her sons prove true."

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD RECEIVED A DRAWING.

ACCEPT a humble Poet's lay,  
 Who dares in th' Muses haunts to stray ;  
 And darken not his little day,  
     With brow austere :  
 But smile, and cheer him on his way,  
     Dispel his fear.

Sweet mercy with benignant mien,  
 Should be for thousand faults a screen ;  
 And would, alas ! too seldom seen,  
     Become the fair :  
 Nor less its kindness charm, I ween,  
     Because 'tis rare.

No specious claim to praise I ground,  
 Small wit and graces here abound ;  
 And praise is but an empty sound ;  
     A hollow cask ;  
 Be mildness in your censure found !  
     'Tis all I ask.

No more of censure strict afraid,  
 Now let me thank thee, charming maid,  
 For th' painting, which without thy aid,  
     Were paper blank :  
 Yet now, dispersed with light and shade,  
     Holds sterling rank.

The humble barn on rising spot,  
 Adjoining to the rustic cot :  
 Nor be th' o'ershadowing trees forgot,  
     With branches green :  
 The Castle once the Chieftain's lot,  
     In distance seen.

Suspended in my sitting room,  
 A golden frame its splendid doom

With glass, protector of its bloom,  
 Soon it shall be :  
 And e'er its sight dispel my gloom,  
 With thoughts of thee.

Then, Myra ! why no more pursue,  
 The art so well commenced by you ;  
 The feather'd choir, the varied view,  
 Or smart bouquet :  
 Resume thy pencil once so true,  
 Its powers display !

This may beguile a tedious hour,  
 When sadness, with impressive power,  
 Thy breast invades, the pearly shower,  
 Wipe from thine eye :  
 And change the darken'd clouds that lower,  
 To tranquil sky.

Again the fairy scene portray !  
 The sun at dawn, or setting day,  
 Which faintly gilds with dying ray,  
 The verdant wood :  
 Or deigns its beauties to display,  
 On crystal flood.

Or, make the stream impetuous flow !  
Adown some craggy mountain's brow,  
With foaming spray to plains below,  
A proud cascade :  
Then purling, roll its waters slow,  
Through pensive shade.

Or, in the flower-enamell'd plain,  
The oxen, and the fleecy train ;  
And with his crook, the shepherd swain,  
In rustic pride :  
His dog, the wolf and robber's bane,  
Close by his side.

Depict some ruin'd castle's height !  
Which Luna, goddess of the night,  
Shews by her pale emitted light,  
More gloomy still :  
Its lofty walls and towers affright,  
The senses chill.

Or paint each fairest flower that grows !  
The violet, and the mossy rose,



Whose bud with modest blushes glows,  
    Too soon to fade :  
And gaudy tulips, which disclose  
    A varied shade.

Then, Myra ! yet again pursue,  
The art so well commenced by you ;  
The feather'd choir, the pleasing view,  
    Or smart bouquet :  
Resume thy pencil once so true,  
    Its powers display !

WHAT MAKES A NATION TRULY  
GREAT ?

## I.

WHAT makes a nation truly great ?  
It is not pomp, it is not state :  
'Tis not a king, with diamonds crowned,  
Whom motley jewelled crowds surround :  
He and his courtiers each arrayed,  
In Tyrian dyes, and gold displayed ;  
All bearing outward semblance fair,  
But the soul's essence wanting there—  
'Tis not a mere parade of wealth,  
Can prop a state, or give it health :  
It may protrude its gold in store,  
And yet be rotten at the core :  
Its silken banners proudly wave,  
To cheer the rich, the poor enslave ;

Confine within a narrow pale,  
 Blessings all freely should inhale ;  
 And leave the subjects, from whom come,  
 What gilds the scene—the jackal's doom—  
 Hold from the lion, for their share,  
 To find the food—then, live on air.

## II.

To make a nation truly great,  
 The harbinger of prosperous fate ;  
 The monarch should in clement mood,  
 Wake for, and seek, his country's good :  
 Religion should employ his mind,  
 All other earthly ties to bind ;  
 To king, and people, great and low,  
 The source from whence all blessings flow.  
 Painting a future world of bliss,  
 And softening all the cares of this :  
 Inducing those, who often feel  
 Example more than inward zeal ;  
 Hailing the virtuous acts they view,  
 The glorious pattern to pursue :  
 And thus the cheering influence own,  
 The halo beaming from the throne :

Thus making their allegiance sure—  
 And the throne rendered more secure,  
 Virtue its own reward shall bring—  
 Who loves his God, reveres his King.

## III.

To make a nation truly great,  
 The prince, supporter of its state ;  
 Must worthy of his title prove,  
 And hold it in his people's love .  
 At once their glory, and their choice—  
 No listener to the serpent's voice,  
 Which, offering incense to his pride  
 Would put his better friends aside,  
 Bow sycophantic to his will,  
 And pleasure's venom'd joys instil ;  
 Pour the sweet poison on his soul,  
 That monarchs are beyond control ;  
 That subjects over whom they reign,  
 Must be insensible to pain ;  
 Or only feel, and only move,  
 In the reflected rays above.  
 Such are the friends the throne too near,  
 And such the prompters monarchs hear—

The king's and people's interests one,  
 Let kings such base advisers shun.

## IV.

To make a nation truly great,  
 And all throughout its ranks elate,  
 Its king must ministers select,  
 Who will the rights of each protect ;  
 The scales of justice balance fair,  
 Keep each in place, and proudly dare  
 To check each symptom of excess—  
 Each wanton tyranny repress,  
 If from the throne, on those below,  
 Or from the people, who should bow.  
 Who governs, should with gracious eye,  
 The wants of those around descry ;  
 Let all have favour in his sight ;  
 The sovereign's ear a nation's right.  
 Let him, in joyful greetings shewn,  
 Find willing minds support his throne ;  
 And though inheritance has placed  
 Him in the seat his fathers graced,  
 Let shouts the gracious meed impart,  
 He reigns within his people's heart.

## ON TWO YOUNG LADIES,

WHO STATED THAT THE WEATHER, HOWEVER UNPROMISING  
PREVIOUSLY, HAD ALWAYS BECOME FINE THE DAY THEY  
WERE SETTING OUT ON A JOURNEY.

Two ladies fair sat within their bower,  
The teeming clouds had power on neither ;  
They eastward looked, they eyed the north,  
And cast a spell on wind and weather.  
The angry gods of wind and rain,  
Who either sleep or overflow us,  
Amazed, exclaimed, Our power is vain,  
Whilst yon bright eyes so beam below us !

They formed a league of dire portent,  
They sought the mighty god of thunder ;  
Assured, the three together join'd,  
Must break the spell that bound, asunder.

The bard says, "Ignorance is bliss,"  
And so their vengeful godships find it—  
The spell was bound in Beauty's chain,  
And only Beauty could unbind it.

In vain the winds essayed their strength,  
They found a firm and sure resistance ;  
The balmy breath from Beauty's lips,  
Sooth'd all their ire, and kept at distance :  
The rains invoked, then came to aid,  
But found themselves fast bound in ether ;  
The fire that flashed from Beauty's eye,  
Dried up their sources altogether.

Next came the startling thunder forth,  
But soon it ceased, dissolved in wonder ;  
The fair ones spake, and music's voice,  
Harmonious, disarmed the thunder.  
Thus, wind and rain, and thunder too,  
In triple league, discharged their duty ;  
But found their mightiest efforts vain,  
Against the potent spells of Beauty.

ADAM'S JOY AT THE FIRST SIGHT  
OF EVE.

WHEN woman first from Adam's side,  
Arose matured, his blooming bride ;  
And in her perfect beauty shone,  
His willing heart at once she won :

Struck with amazement and with love,  
To see her graceful figure move ;  
And in her form, her face, and eyes,  
His second self to recognise.

And yet to see the likeness shew  
A milder bearing—brighter glow ;  
Her limbs in perfect shape to hold  
His outline—less robust in mould.



The beauteous hair that decks her head,  
Down her fair neck luxuriant spread ;  
A graceful, natural mantle thrown,  
At once to form her veil, and zone.

These charms, so mingled and combined,  
Arouse his energies of mind ;  
And whilst his wond'ring eyes admire,  
The spark is fann'd to quenchless fire.

In grateful joy his knees are bent,  
Divided homage, feelings blent ;  
To her, whose charms his heart enslave,  
And to his God, the gift who gave.

## SONNET

ON BEHOLDING A MOTHER ANXIOUSLY REGARDING HER  
 INFANT SON SLEEPING ON HER KNEE, THEN AT THE  
 CRISIS OF AN ILLNESS.

How charming 'tis to see the mother's care !  
 The darling infant folded to her breast ;  
 She deems her babe a bliss beyond compare,  
 She lulls his little pains to peaceful rest.  
 Yet now he starts, his pulse with fev'rish heat,  
 Proclaims the crisis of his illness near ;  
 The watchful nurse, with anxious care replete,  
 Beholds with fondness, yet surveys with fear.  
 And now he stretches forth his little arm,  
 As if he would his parent's neck embrace ;  
 And still the more to banish each alarm,  
 The smile of inward pleasure glads his face.  
 Thy mother tends thee through the live-long day,  
 O ! may thy future years her tender love repay !

## SONNET

ON A YOUNG LADY CARESSING AN INFANT.

WHEN I saw thee encircle the babe with thine  
arms,

And with fondness impress thy sweet kiss on  
his face,

Methought that it greatly had heighten'd thy  
charms,

To thy countenance added peculiar grace.

Thine eyes, which before with intelligence shone,

Were cast on the babe with a lustre so mild ;  
And thou spok'st in so sweet and persuasive a  
tone,

Oh, I felt that I envied the bliss of the child !  
To be pressed to thy bosom, how happy his lot !

To his heart thy embraces no transports invite,  
The kiss that thou gav'st him, already forgot,

Would have caused mine to beat with the  
throb of delight ;

As the sun gladdens nature around with its ray,  
Thy smile would to me be the dawning of day.

## STANZAS

ON HEARING A LADY AVER THAT SHE WOULD LIKE TO  
LIVE HER LIFE OVER AGAIN.

SAY! who would lead life o'er again,  
 Again its fretful changes know;  
 Renew the pleasure and the pain,  
 Its varied weal and woe?  
 Though hours and days have flitted by,  
 And nature's sun serenely smiled;  
 No hurricane deformed the sky,  
 With gloomy vengeful fury wild:  
 Yet other hours in turn have been,  
 And clouds have veil'd the beauteous scene,  
 And grief hath claimed its share—  
 And man, however proud, secure,  
 Has found when summon'd to endure,  
 That life hath many a care!

None are exempt from sorrow's sting,  
 Though grief have measure of alloy ;  
 The shower to some that blessings bring,  
 May drown another's joy.  
 Floating upon the buoyant wave,  
 Down life's resistless, rapid tide ;  
 No friendly arm, outstretch'd to save—  
 No pilot's certain skill to guide,—  
 Where many a whirlpool's circling maze,  
 Inviting smoothly—then betrays ;  
 And sunken rocks that point unseen—  
 Man's fragile vessel tempest toss'd  
 On ocean's surge, were surely lost,  
 Did Heaven not intervene.

Ere man the fond idea proved,  
 The dream that points to fancied bliss ;  
 He might have long'd, he might have loved,  
 Excused to judge amiss ;  
 He might the rose with thorns allied,  
 Prize far beyond its beauties' worth ;  
 The fragrance that to-day denied,  
 Might hope the morrow would bring forth ;

But when in plenitude of pride,  
 He tasted all, and fairly tried,  
 The sweet and bitter to compare ;  
 Ah, who would greet the festring chain,  
 Content to lead his life again—  
 Ah, who would cherish care !

'Tis not in this imperfect state,  
 That man can be supremely bless'd ;  
 The warp and woof of love and hate,  
 Too closely deck the breast :  
 Passions of every varied hue—  
 Anger, revenge, pervade the soul,  
 Ambition towering, ever new,  
 And avarice, crowns the whole ;  
 'Tis but in heavenly realms that pain  
 Shall cease, and joy unmingled reign :  
 For Janus-like, with double mien,  
 Life, through each scene of manhood's age,  
 Hath stamp'd with care the chequer'd page—  
 Brief lines of bliss between.

## SONNET

## TO THE MOON.

FAIR lamp of Heaven ! that shedd'st thy mellow  
light

Upon each grove, renewing all its green ;  
Who in thy fulness beam'st, in beauty bright,  
On hill and dale, enchanting every scene—  
Much we lament, to see thy beauty shorn,

As night by night a portion disappears,  
First swell to prime, like him of woman born,

Then, briefly sinking in the vale of years :  
Like thine, his fleeting honours fade away ;

His strength impairs, his faculties decay—  
But a short time, thy brightest charms beguile—  
But a short time, he revels in thy smile ;  
Thou fann'st his hopes, he woos with fond  
desire,

Till thou and he grow dim, diminish, and  
expire !

## LINES

ON THE UNIVERSALLY AND DEEPLY-LAMENTED  
DEMISE OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF  
WALES.

SWEET Morning Star, whose kindling ray,  
Gave the fair auspices of day,  
And in thy course, decreed to move,  
Beam'd brightly on a nation's love.

To hail thy chaste and silvery light,  
Admiring millions turn'd their sight;  
And felt the cheering view impart  
A hope, that bound thee to their heart.

Alas ! too soon the vision fled,  
And clouds and darkness reign'd instead  
When most the object of desire,  
We saw the flame at once expire.



That modest lustre hail'd afar,  
Our future guide, our beacon star ;  
Extinguish'd by the viewless wind,  
Leaves not a cheering trace behind.

Yet not alone a father's sighs,  
Nor a fond husband's groans arise ;  
But a vast empire, proudly free,  
Laments its blighted hopes in thee.

But thou, removed from mortal ken,  
In brighter bloom to shine again,  
A pearl of purest ray, art given  
To deck the diadem of heaven.

## FRENCH EPIGRAM TRANSLATED.

LE monde est plein de foux—  
Et qui non veut voir,  
Doit vivre tout seul,  
Et casser son miroir.

## TRANSLATION.

Fools fill the globe entire—  
Who none desires to view,  
Must lead his life in solitude,  
And break his mirror too.

## FRENCH EPIGRAM TRANSLATED.

AINSI l'aigle superbe, au séjour du tonnerre,  
 Sélance, et soutenant son vol audacieux ;  
 Semble dire aux mortels,  
 Je suis né sur la terre,  
 Mais je vis dans les cieux.

## TRANSLATION.

The eagle, darting through the realms of air,  
 Mounts to the source from whence Jove's thun-  
 der flies ;  
 And seems to wond'ring mortals to declare,  
 His cradle upon earth, his palace in the skies.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LATIN PRAYER

SHORTLY PRIOR TO HER EXECUTION.

O DOMINE Deus, speravi in te—  
 Carissime Jesu, nunc libera me !  
 In dura catena, in misera pœna, desidero te  
 Languendo, gemendo, et genu-fluctendo,  
 Adoro, imploro, ut liberares me.

A NEARLY LITERAL TRANSLATION.

O Lord God of Hosts, I have trusted in thee—  
 O Jesus beloved, now liberate me !  
 In fetters so galling, in tortures appalling, I long  
 after thee.  
 In moaning, in groaning, on bent knee atoning,  
 I adore thee, implore thee, to liberate me.

LATIN EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL,  
TRANSLATED.

AD ÆLIAM, BOOK I. 20TH EPIGRAM.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes,  
Expuit una duos tussis, et una duos ;  
Jam segura potes totis tussire diebus ;  
Nil istic, quod agat, tertia tussis habet.

TRANSLATION.

If my remembrance holds its proper place,  
In Ælia's mouth four teeth retained their place ;  
But two, one cough expelled—a second, two ;  
Should a third come, 'twould nothing find to do.

## AD FABULLAM, BOOK I. 57TH EPIGRAM.

Bella es, novimus, et puella, verum est :  
 Et dives ; quis enim potest negare ?  
 Sed dum te nimium fabulla laudas ;  
 Nec dives, neque bella, nec puella es.

## TRANSLATION.

Rich, young, and handsome, these our meed  
 would raise,  
 Were they not cancell'd by thine own self-praise.

## ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

Fair, and a maid, and rich thou art :  
 Who can these truths deny ?  
 Yet boasting too much of thyself,  
 We scarce thy gifts descry.

## AD ÆMILIANUM, BOOK V. 78TH EPIGRAM.

Semper eris pauper, si pauper es Æmiliane ;  
 Dantur opes nulli nunc nisi divitibus.

## TRANSLATION.

If poor thou art, then poor shalt thou remain ;  
 The wealthy only now shall wealth obtain.

## AD LUPUM, BOOK VI. 61ST EPIGRAM.

Tristis es et felix, sciat hoc fortuna caveto,  
Ingratum dicit te, Lupe, si scierit.

## TRANSLATION.

Blest and yet sad, beware lest Fortune know,  
Nor on an ingrate future gifts bestow.

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## AD CASTOREM, BOOK VII. 80TH EPIGRAM.

Omnia Castor, emis : si fiet, ut omnia vendas.

## TRANSLATION.

Castor, you purchase all you see :  
To bring to auction presently.

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## DE CINNA, BOOK VIII. 19TH EPIGRAM.

Pauper videri Cinna vult ; et est pauper.

## TRANSLATION.

Glad that the world him pauper deems ;  
And Cinna is what Cinna seems.

FROM PAUL DE KOCK.

Quid levius pluma ? Pulvis. Quid pulvere ?  
Ventus.

Quid vento ? Mulier. Quid muliere ? Nihil.

TRANSLATION.

What's lighter than a feather ? Dust.

Than dust ? The fleeting wind.

Than wind ? Vain shallow woman must.

Than woman ? Nought we find.



## TO MY SON HENRY,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, ATTAINING HIS FIRST YEAR.

How quick the circling seasons roll,  
Days, weeks, and months, unite in one ;  
And years, and ages form the whole,  
And shortly shall that whole be gone !

Since first thou saw the light, my boy,  
Since first thou raised thine infant head,  
And added to thy parents' joy,  
One year in nature's course is fled.

And still 'twas but as yesterday,  
And yet how great the change I see ;  
Thine eyes that shed no conscious ray,  
Now mildly beaming, smile on me.

Thy little cheeks with colour fraught,  
 Now mantle as the feelings move ;  
 And varying with the rising thought,  
 Or sink to sadness—swell to love.

Oft as thy little tricks I've viewed,  
 And watched thee glide from chair to chair ;  
 I smiled to see thy frolic mood,  
 And felt it dissipate my care.

And oft, when seated on my knee,  
 Some tale thy moments to beguile,  
 I told ; not understood by thee,  
 Yet, wouldst thou wond'ring look, and smile.

Henry ! thine earliest year is o'er,  
 And cast in life's progressive chain ;  
 A second opes to swell the store,  
 The link, that time shall close again.

Life is a chequered path, my child ;  
 And though the sun diffuse its ray ;  
 Yet mixed, the ruder scenes and mild,  
 Some struggles must attend the way.

Man is not born to bliss below,  
The good is temper'd by the ills ;  
Yet, may thy gracious God bestow  
Those bounties that his mercy wills.

May He, who e'er in clement mood,  
Surveys his vast created reign ;  
Give thee as much of worldly good  
As thou canst virtuously sustain.

But poor, or rich, or low, or great,  
However long, or short, thy span ;  
Mayst thou enjoy the envied state—  
Be justly deemed an honest man.

And when thy destined race is run,  
Thine earthly course may Heaven approve ;  
And kindred spirits hail thee one  
Elected to the realms above !

## ODE TO HOPE.

THOU Hope ! enchanting, blithe, and fair,  
The heavenly harbinger of joy,  
Whose radiant form and smiling air  
The sombre tints of care destroy ;  
Array'd in fancy's gay attire,  
And sparkling with celestial fire,  
“ Thou soother of the human breast !”  
With rapture greeted and caress'd,  
We, cheer'd by thy ambrosial balm,  
Enjoy a softly tempered calm ;  
Whilst fell despair with haggard mien,  
And scowling brow deserts the scene :

Yet, Hope, thy smiles deceive,  
Our tow'ring fabrics fall,  
We find them visions all,  
Yet we again believe ;  
Thy dictates still preserve their wonted sway,  
Again we tread on air, we revel still in May.

When groaning in the dungeon's gloom,  
Compell'd the galling chains to bear,  
Uncertain of our future doom,  
A prey to misery and care,  
Stretch'd on the cold and flinty ground,  
We pass a sad, a ling'ring round ;  
No sympathetic friendship near,  
To check the sigh or wipe the tear ;  
No day to bless our longing sight,  
A dreary, tedious, endless night ;  
Whilst moistures chill, and vapours foul,  
Exhaust the frame, unman the soul ;  
Yet still to joy we wake,  
Again we hail the day,  
The sun's enliv'ning ray  
Dissolves the wint'ry flake—

Hope, fair enchanting Hope, again we see  
Whose power hath broke our bonds, and made  
us once more free!

Regardless of the bursting storm,  
When rain adown in torrent pours ;  
When nature, in her roughest form,  
In dreadful peals convulsive roars,  
The lightnings flash in forky maze,  
The heavens a wide extended blaze !  
Whilst earth, responsive to the sound,  
From its deep caves re-echoes round ;  
The fires within its bosom spread  
Burst from their subterraneous bed,  
And hurling flaming brands afar,  
Join in the elemental war :  
Still reckless of the glare  
That darts along the sky :  
We heave the pensive sigh,  
Prefer the silent prayer ;  
For then, O smiling Hope! thine air serene  
Dispels the dark'ning clouds, and re-illumes  
the scene.

When o'er the realms of ocean's deep,  
 The wide expanse, the boundless main ;  
 We, like the eagle from the steep,  
 In triumph skim the liquid plain ;  
 Too soon the peaceful calm subsides,  
 Impetuous flow the rolling tides ;  
 The winds in murmurs hoarsely breathe,  
 The raging billows foam beneath ;  
 The sails and braces lose their stay,  
 The deck is wash'd with whiten'd spray ;  
 Shook by each wave the vessel rides,  
 And threat'ning surges lash her sides ;  
 Between projecting rocks,  
 Toss'd by the adverse gale,  
 We fear the coming shocks  
 Will fatally prevail :  
 Still Hope maintains her soul enlivening sway—  
 Our vessel clears the rocks, and cleaves the  
     watery way.

When torn from competence and ease,  
 And on a sea of troubles cast,  
 We feel our very nature freeze,  
 Reverting to our comforts past ;

The cruel hand of wayward fate  
Has mark'd us with its direst hate ;  
Our morn, which rose in splendour bright,  
Has set in gloomy shades of night ;  
The friends, that bask'd in fortune's ray,  
With hearts unfeeling, turn away ;  
The stings of penury assail,  
And friendship, laughing, mocks the tale ;  
Yet but a little hour  
Their cruel triumphs last,  
The skies,—the tempest past,  
Are brighter from the shower ;  
For cheering Hope replenishes our store,  
And bids the sun of fortune rise to set no  
more.

Though on the bed of death we lie,  
The fever racking every vein,  
With anguish'd brow, the rending sigh,  
And each acutest sense of pain ;  
Though quitting thousand objects dear,  
Within this sublunary sphere,  
A thousand ties in nature's chain,  
That call the soul to earth again ;



Yet still we view the fading scene,  
The body's death, with mind serene,  
For joys beyond a mortal's ken,  
Our still too ling'ring thoughts sustain ;  
We see the opening sky,  
The sure abode of peace,  
Where pain and anguish cease,  
Where we no more shall die :  
Hope breathes her welcome transports to the  
soul,  
And thoughts of heavenly bliss eternal crown  
the whole.

## IRREGULAR ODE

ON THE GLORIOUS BATTLE WITH THE COMBINED SQUADRON,  
 IN WHICH THE GALLANT AND EVER TO BE LAMENTED  
 NELSON FELL IN THE ARMS OF VICTORY.

WRITTEN IN 1805.

ONCE more awake my pensive lay,  
 Again arouse thy latent fire;  
 Tell how Britannia in despair,  
 Gives to the wind her beauteous hair;  
 Adown her cheek how flows the tear,  
 And heaves her breast the sigh sincere,  
 Mourning the sad yet glorious day,  
 That saw her dearest son expire!  
 Nelson, the gallant, and the brave,  
 His father's boast, his country's pride,  
 Triumphant found a hero's grave,  
 And cover'd o'er with laurels, died:

Yet shall those laurels never fade,  
 But kindly bloom an evergreen ;  
 And when our sons recal the scene,  
 Each shall invoke his honour'd shade,  
 Recorded to remotest fame,  
 Shall be the victor Nelson's name :  
 His name, the dread of wond'ring nations  
     round,  
 Who for his country fell—yet fell with  
     glory crown'd !

Weep, Britons, weep—your loss deplore !  
 Your conqu'ring hero dead ;  
 No more he'll hear the cannons roar,  
 Re-echoing far from shore to shore,  
 For you—for you—he bled !  
 Conquest's triumphant peal  
 To him no joys reveal ;  
 No more his name will paralyse with fear,  
 A bleeding pallid corpse, extended on his bier.

Now let us yield to pleasure's voice,  
 Strike loud the lyre—rejoice, rejoice,—

Let glowing ardour fire the patriot's breast ;  
 For though sensations of alloy,  
 Are mingled with the gen'ral joy,  
 Yet feelings, proud as ours, will not be quite  
 repress.

Rear our victorious banners high,  
 Awake each instrument of sound ;  
 And let the pleasing melody  
 Ascend as incense to the sky,  
 Whilst shouts of gladness bursting round,  
 Resound—resound—resound !  
 In thunder tell each hemisphere  
 That Freedom nerves a Briton's spear,  
 Britannia, wont of yore to reign,  
 Extends her sceptred hand as Sov'reign of  
 the Main.

Now let th' aspiring Eagles Three,  
 United to our destiny,  
 Exert their strength to crush the tyrant's  
 pow'r,  
 Then will the star, whose feeble ray  
 But faintly gilds his little day,  
 Expire beneath the turbid clouds that low'r ;

Nations that now in bondage groan,  
And kneel before a despot's throne,  
Shall bless the hands that once more made  
them free.

And in the great, the serious strife,  
Contending for each joy of life,  
Britain, the world must yield the palm to thee!  
To thee, whose children bath'd in purple tide,  
A Nelson, Cooke, and Duff, in glorious combat  
died!

## TO THE ROSE.

WHETHER, sweet Rose, in Persian vales  
Thy brightest tints of beauty rise,  
Whether thou scent'st the eastern gales,  
Or revellest in Italian skies ;  
In every clime, the youthful maiden's dream,  
The lover's pictured store, the poet's endless  
theme.

Sweet flower, of nature's modest hue,  
Protected by thy guardian thorn,  
Thy buds diffuse a grateful dew  
That lingers on the breath of morn ;  
E'en as the pearly drops delight the sense,  
That dew, from pity's source, the cheek of inno-  
cence.

Then why prohibit to expand  
 The blossoms we so dearly prize ?  
 Why seek to tear from nature's hand  
 The source from whence our joys arise ?  
 Much longer wilt thou shed thy sweets around,  
 Dear Rose, in freedom blushing, in thy native  
 ground.

Pluck thee from off thy parent stem,  
 ('To please, alas ! how short thy power !)  
 A radiant, transitory gem,  
 Thy blossoms wither in an hour ;  
 For one short hour to beauty's bosom strain'd,  
 Trampled the next in dust, unheeded or dis-  
 dain'd.

E'en thus some fond believing maid,  
 Lured from her mother's cherish'd smile,  
 Mourns o'er the heart that has betray'd,  
 And droops in anguish at the guile :  
 One little moment, love and joy her doom,  
 The next, affection spurn'd, desertion, and the  
 tomb

Live on, sweet Rose, and bud in peace,  
And let not the despoiler come ;—  
Like man's, thy bloom too soon will cease ;  
Yet widely different the doom,—  
Thou, turn'd to native dust, no more to be,  
And he, to hail the Rose of immortality !



TO THE REV. THOMAS BEST,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY.

ON this your marriage-day,  
Renew'd, a friend may pay  
His meed at friendship's shrine ;  
And trust, the sun that shone,  
Your nuptial day upon,  
May yet unclouded shine.

If prayers, in fervour given,  
Accepted rise to heaven,  
As incense from the earth ;  
Then many a prayer sincere,  
For him, that they revere,  
May draw a blessing forth.

What chiefly to entreat,  
To render bliss complete,  
Might well perplex the thought—  
For him that feels content  
With what his God has sent,  
What better can be sought ?

For nature's moderate need—  
For charitable deed—  
Enough of worldly dross :  
Contentment thou hast got,  
Ambition thou hast not,  
Mere worldly gain were loss.

Within thy church's pale,  
To raise thee in the scale,  
Would scarce thy joys increase ;  
But might, in various ways,  
Obscure thy tranquil days,  
Subtracting from thy peace.

Within thy present bound,  
Thy usefulness is found ;

All hail with joy and love,  
Him who, with faith sincere,  
Adds to their comforts here,  
By records from above;

Who, the Book setting forth,  
Proving its solid worth,  
In life, not words alone,  
Seeks, pointing to the skies,  
Whence his own hopes arise,  
To make theirs like his own.

Not length of life, nor wealth,  
Nor even perfect health,  
Nor path devoid of ills,  
Should even friendship crave—  
But what thyself would have,  
Just what thy Maker wills.

## LINES.

A FAINT PORTRAITURE OF BRITAIN'S CHIEFTAIN,  
WELLINGTON.

WRITTEN IN 1839.

WITH head erect, and front sublime,  
As if he gather'd strength from time ;  
And in his sun's declining ray,  
Shone brighter at the fall of day ;  
See ! him, who to no warrior yields,  
The hero of a thousand fields ;  
Him, who in conquest never fail'd,  
Who gave the word, and led the way,  
To his invincible array ;  
Whilst chiefs, who oft before in fight  
Had beam'd as stars—the beacon light—  
Before his crested banner quail'd.  
Immortal Captain, valour's son,  
Thrice noble, honoured Wellington !

What though Britannia's haughty foe  
 Had laid all Europe's kingdoms low,  
 Had made them tremble at his nod,  
 And in submission kiss the rod ;  
 Surrounded by a gallant host  
 Of warrior chiefs, her pride and boast ;  
 Such as for Gallia, ne'er before  
 Her lily flag or eagle bore ;  
 Yet all these warriors, bold and stern,  
 Had yet one page in war to learn ;  
 Though each, like Rome's imperial son,  
 Had only marched, and seen, and won—  
 Though each had trod the carnage plain,  
 Creating hecatombs of slain ;  
 Each had, the science to complete,  
 To learn the lesson of defeat ;  
 And all the wreaths that conquests bring,  
 On the far scattering winds to fling ;  
 Each in their turn before him fall  
 Who in succession conquer'd all.

\*            \*            \*            \*

Advancing still, to crown the whole,  
 He, who of France the life and soul ;

He, who had formed the gallant band,  
Whose swords flash'd lightning through each  
land ;

He, who amidst the warriors round,  
The least—yet mightiest was found—  
Who counsel from no lip could brook ;  
To whose decree all others look ;  
Whose ardent breathings, and whose voice,  
Left none the pretext of a choice—  
Who govern'd with resistless spell ;  
Before whose eye all others fell ;—  
E'en he, whom none before could bind,  
Shrinking, confess'd the master-mind ;  
Dissolved the charm of many a fight,  
And fled the field in panic fright ;  
Leaving his wreaths by triumphs fed,  
Transferr'd, to grace his rival's head.

\* \* \* \*

Illustrious chieftain ! Britain owes  
To thy strong arm her long repose :  
And more may she her patriot boast,  
Since he, who ruled her battle host,

Is in the councils of her land,  
As equal found to hold command—  
That judging head and eagle eye,  
That could so plan and so descry ;  
At home as much her guide and shield,  
As her strong phalanx in the field ;  
Combined—the worthies Homer drew,  
Her Ajax and Ulysses too.

**ODES ON**  
**AND**  
**TO NAPOLEON**





## NAPOLEON.

The following lines were written in October, 1840, when an excitement was caused by the announcement of an intention to re-transport the body of Napoleon to France, though they treat on the early period of his exile.

PERCH'D on the mountain's brow,  
 Awhile the eagle stands,  
 Looking with scorn below,  
 As he his wing expands ;  
 Then, soaring upwards in the realms of space,  
 He greets the god of day, and looks him face to  
 face.

The conquerors of earth  
 Have dared the eagle's flight :  
 But, not of heavenly birth,  
 Have felt th' excess of light.  
 Awhile they soar'd, till, dazzled by the glare,  
 They fell to rise no more, pride yielding to  
 despair.

Great Hannibal of yore—  
 Later the valiant Swede—  
 Yielded the fame they bore,  
 Establishing the creed :  
 And, in our time, the great Napoleon,  
 Who dared the world, hath ceded all his laurels  
 won.

No fall so great as thine,  
 Since triumph's rage begun :  
 No beams that brightly shine  
 So vanish'd from the sun :  
 No spark remain'd, not one expiring ray,  
 To shew the point where darkness overtook the  
 day.

Thine was no common fate :  
 Thy vengeful spear had hurl'd,  
 With more than demon hate,  
 Destruction on the world :  
 And, as thy thunder pour'd upon the ear,  
 Thy foes, at once unnerved, were paralysed with  
 fear.

Thine eagle mounted high—  
 The kindred eagles quail'd :  
 In terror through the sky  
 They fled when it assail'd.  
 The star that urged thee on resplendent shone,  
 And mighty monarchs bow'd before Napoleon.

Thy pride unsated still,  
 The homage incomplete,  
 Thou sought'st to bring each will  
 Submissive to thy feet :  
 Though brave thyself, to manacle the brave ;  
 And then, without remorse, to spurn the prostrate  
 slave !

Endurance has a point,  
 Which to resistance swells ;  
 Too strongly strain'd the joint,  
 The tortured limb rebels ;  
 Thy brother monarchs, urged by many a wound,  
 Arose, Antæus-like, and pinn'd thee to the  
 ground.

And what didst thou become,  
     When in the trammels caught?  
 Thy lot the felon's doom,  
     Thou dwindlest into nought;  
 From every feeling but of self exempt,  
 Thou who hadst shone the god became the  
 world's contempt.

Hurl'd headlong from the throne  
     Which thou too hardly press'd;  
 Thine acts tyrannic done,  
     Recoil'd upon thy breast:  
 Pluck'd from thine iron grasp, the newly free,  
 What thou hadst meted round, re-measured unto  
 thee.

Bound to a spot of earth  
     Form'd from the boisterous main;  
 A tyrant from thy birth,  
     Thou felt'st the galling chain—  
 The chain thyself hadst forged for others' woe,  
 Now girt around thyself: thyself hadst been thy  
 foe.

Well might thy fancy rave,  
To solitude confined ;  
Only to watch the wave,  
And list the stormy wind—  
Revert to years gone by, and nerve thy soul  
For dreary ones to come, that time might yet  
unroll.

And on that little spot  
For years his tale was told :  
One narrow step his lot,  
That Europe could not hold !  
The smallest island of th' Atlantic wave  
Became at once his kingdom, prison, and his  
grave !

## LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE EXHUMATION AND BRINGING  
OVER THE BODY OF NAPOLEON.

SAY! who has roused the wave!  
Or who has waked anew  
That restless spirit from his grave,  
That kingdoms overthrew:  
Who, knit in sternest mould,  
Though clad in human form,  
Where'er he grasp'd, maintain'd his hold,  
The demon of the storm.

It was a fearful act,  
And done in Philip's ire,  
To wake him who might re-enact  
What set the world on fire—

Who might again stalk forth,  
 And cast his spells afar,  
 And shake the thrones from south to north.  
 With all the throes of war.

Oh, who could calmly view  
 The yet unalter'd flesh,  
 Without a troubled spirit too,  
 Lest it should rise afresh.  
 How could they calmly stand,  
 That dread memento by,  
 Nor fear again his stern command,  
 The lightning of his eye,—

That eye, with restless fire,  
 Which, wheresoever cast,  
 Caused all beneath it to expire,  
 As with the simoom's blast ;  
 Who saw it own'd its power,  
 And felt his heart misgive,  
 Knowing 'twas worth a kingdom's dower,  
 To meet its glance—and live !



Though in the garb of death,  
His spirit is not fled ;  
He but a moment holds his breath,  
And imitates the dead :  
He only sleeps awhile,  
And rests upon his arms,  
To front the world with sterner smile,  
Renewing its alarms.

When to the tomb consign'd,  
'Twas like the eastern tale ;\*  
His body was therein confined  
But while the charm prevail—  
Who broke the potent seal  
Of princely Solomon,  
Made it the buried form reveal—  
It rose—and it was gone.

Ought less to be our doom,  
To wait a tyrant's will,

\* From the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

That bore his restless spirit home,\*  
 And could not leave it still!  
 We well deserve our fate,  
 The ills that may attack;  
 When laid, that spirit, with his hate,  
 We roused and brought it back.

And now the world may look  
 For loss of life and limb,  
 For war's mischances—all that took  
 Their flight—too short—with him.  
 Pandora's box is found:  
 The ills therein confined  
 May through the globe be scatter'd round,  
 Nor Hope remain behind.

\* England in allowing, is considered as a party with France in bringing over the body; and the lines generally refer to the party feeling likely to be awakened in the latter country by the importation of Napoleon's remains.

## O D E.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SHADE OF NAPOLEON,

WRITTEN AT THE TIME HIS BODY WAS DISINTERRED, AND  
BROUGHT OVER FROM ST. HELENA.

THOU ! of a fallen race,  
     Whose destiny is run ;  
 Whose sky no more we trace,  
     For ever quench'd thy sun,—  
 Thou ! who hast faded from life's fretful scene,  
 And vanish'd from our sight, as if thou ne'er  
 hadst been.

Thou ! whom no more we see,  
     Yet still we bear in mind ;  
 For from the upas tree  
     What oozed, remains behind :  
 Though still each realm of Europe life sustains,  
 Thy poison, pour'd throughout, still rankles in  
 the veins.

Though in thy body small,  
     Thy mind's gigantic strength,  
 Grasp'd eagerly at all ;  
     Thou traversedst Europe's length :  
 Sought Afric's plains, and wouldst with mighty  
     stride,  
 Like Rhode's Colossus, span the sea from side  
     to side.

Magnificent thy schemes,  
     Thy power to compass too ;  
 The world too little seems  
     For thy unbounded view ;  
 Thy plans develop'd, would embrace at least,  
 In thine Herculean grasp, the earth from west to  
     east.

Thou wouldst have blotted out,  
     Whate'er opposed thy plan ;  
 And, like thine Alpine rout,  
     Made nature yield to man :  
 First look'd on every land with withering smile,  
 And then, with project vast, join'd Indus to the  
     Nile.

Who to the world around,  
 Limits prescribed, and laws ;  
 Chain'd to a foot of ground,  
 Could only balance straws :  
 Look, and revile thy star, and in it spell,  
 Afresh, those rays by which thy fortune rose and  
 fell.

It was a blast to pride,  
 And stifling to the breath,  
 To see those by thy side,  
 That follow'd thee to death—  
 Thee whom they sainted, as their idol given,  
 Made thee their hope on earth, and sought no  
 other heaven.

To see thy creatures bow  
 To thee, their fallen chief,  
 Could but increase thy woe,  
 Not yield thy soul relief—  
 The cup of homage thou wert wont to quaff,  
 Could only poison thought, and wake the bitter  
 laugh.

Like Israelites of yore,  
 Who raised the golden calf;  
 Time was, they might adore,  
 And die in its behalf:  
 But, when transmuted to a baser ore,  
 They might forego their creed, and venerate no  
 more.

Immortal Ammon's son,  
 Aroused thy secret pride:  
 He fell, 'midst glory won—  
 And thou, in bondage died—  
 He snatch'd by fate, from conquests yet to  
 come—  
 And thou, from mortal scorn, to meet immortal  
 doom.

Though Cæsar's noble name,  
 Awoke the dagger's blade;  
 He died in laurell'd fame—  
 Thou, blighted in the shade—  
 He, in his zenith, yielded up his breath—  
 Thou for years linger'd, in a living death.

Oh, what will be thy throes,  
 When brought before thine eye ;  
 The murder'd shades of those,  
 Thy madness doom'd to die :  
 The host of massacred, from every land—  
 How wilt thou feel, when they before the judg-  
 ment stand ?

And dost thou not deserve,  
 To be tormented much,  
 Who had no feeling nerve,  
 And knew not pity's touch ?  
 Who stern, relentless, saw man's blood distil ;  
 But as a water-course, to quench thy thirsty  
 will.

Had pity e'er awoke,  
 Within thine iron breast ;  
 For hearts thy sternness broke,  
 One tear, by mercy blest :  
 One tear, that trickled down thy rigid face,  
 A pearl of price—had half redeem'd thy guilty  
 race.

And what is now thy meed,  
 For all that thou hast done ?  
 E'en by thy mightiest deed,  
 What purchase hast thou won ?  
 Each empire conquer'd—to its prince restored ;  
 The throne thou mounted, render'd to its right-  
 ful lord.

The chiefs, thy tact had sought,  
 By wealth and thrones to bind ;  
 Or dwindled into nought,  
 Or scatter'd to the wind :  
 Doom'd by the outraged world thy sins to pay,  
 With their life's blood, or meanly linger out  
 their day.

The son, thy hopes had doom'd,  
 To carry down thy race,  
 In early youth entomb'd,  
 Leaves not behind a trace.  
 Thy kindred, insignificant decay—  
 Thy dynasty erased—thy name has pass'd away.



TO A YOUNG FRIEND, ON HER BIRTH-  
DAY.

MARY! my little bonny lassie,  
With smiles so sweet, and air so gay;  
My friendly muse refused to pass ye,  
Without some tributary lay,  
On your birthday.

Each hour and day, however fleeting,  
Have smiled on thee in happy vein;  
And pleasure all thy moments greeting,  
Hath held with thee a joyful reign,  
From day to day.

The roughest storms that shake the heaven,  
And lightnings that illumine the sky;  
Have to thy mind no terror given,  
But pass'd in turn unheeded by,  
On every day,

Thy guileless heart no judgment feeling,  
 Hath heard no chidings in the blast ;  
 Thy breast no conscious pangs concealing,  
 Can calm review the moments past,  
 On any day.

May time, revolving in each season,  
 With choicest flowers bedeck thy way ;  
 Mayst thou enjoy each feast of reason,  
 And each month, with the wreaths of May,  
 Crown thee each day.

May friendship's dearest ties engaging,  
 Their fervid sacred joys impart ;  
 Sharing each bliss, each care assuaging,  
 May it, entwined around thy heart,  
 Bless thee each day.

To thee by kindred ties united,  
 Which souls congenial only prove ;  
 Oh, be thy troth to some one plighted !  
 And may that one deserve thy love,  
 Each coming day.

Mary! my little bonny lassie,  
With looks so neat, and air so gay;  
My friendly muse refused to pass ye,  
Without some tributary lay,  
On your birthday.

## THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

WHAT brilliant orbs illumine the sky,  
In charming order blended ;  
Placed by the Majesty on high,  
In boundless space extended !  
Above, beneath, around, we look,  
With glowing animation ;  
And on the page of Nature's book,  
We dwell with admiration.

Thou glorious Sun ! resplendent, great,  
With thousand gifts abounding ;  
To all diffusing light and heat,  
The minor orbs surrounding :

Unchangeable, they girt thy sphere,  
 Fast bound by God's indenture ;  
 Yet gems of lesser price appear,  
 Round thee, the diamond centre.

Thou silver Moon ! in beauty bright,  
 In all thy chasten'd splendour ;  
 A jewel in the ear of night,  
 That dazzles each pretender :  
 Whose lamp untrimm'd resplendent shone,  
 Without the oil's aroma ;  
 Thee God has set his seal upon,  
 And given thy diploma.

Ye minor gems, in nature's space,  
 Ye lesser coruscations !  
 Yet smiling each, with radiant face,  
 Ye wake our gratulations.  
 To think within that narrow pale,  
 Th' extended palm can cover ;  
 Nations may kindred nations hail,  
 And countless millions hover.

To think, your worlds may, like our own,  
 Abound with population ;  
 That bow before their Maker's throne,  
 And thank him for creation :  
 Where peace and innocence may dwell  
 In all their native beauty ;  
 And hearts devoid of sin may swell,  
 In fullest tones of duty.

There genius of the brightest stamp,  
 Than Newton e'en transcendent,  
 May light the torch at Nature's lamp,  
 Supremely independent.  
 A Locke, a Shakspeare, Byron, Scott,  
 May in their separate nature,  
 Each in his orb excel their lot,  
 In intellectual stature.

A lore in arts before unknown,  
 By deep research unfolded,  
 We boast within our narrow zone ;  
 By mortal cunning moulded :

The gaseous light, the force of steam,  
 The heavenly bodies' motion ;  
 And the moon's power in silvery dream,  
 To swell the tides of ocean.

But, granting to each orb above,  
 That sails in liquid ether,  
 To God, a more extended love—  
 A power than us beneath her,  
 As greater far than we maintain,  
 As is that orb's proportion ;  
 How vast and boundless is their reign,  
 And ours, what vast distortion !

Yet placed within our bounded orb,  
 By Majesty eternal ;  
 If love of him our minds absorb,  
 With prayer and praise diurnal,  
 He will accept the faintest meed  
 Our timid hearts can offer ;  
 And smile upon th' intended deed,  
 And only scorn the scoffer.

O beauteous Moon—O glorious Sun—  
O stars and constellations,  
Whose spheres in fix'd succession run—  
O wonderful creations !  
The mind is lost in dread amaze,  
So great the vast expansion ;  
And finds too ardent is the blaze  
For human comprehension.



ON THE DEMISE OF MY MUCH RE-  
GARDED YOUNG FRIEND, MARY  
PARKER.

DEAR Mary, thy petal,  
Hung slight on its stem ;  
To make up his jewels,  
God call'd for a gem.  
From kindred dissever'd,  
Thy spirit went forth,  
Exulting, and left us,  
As mourners on earth.

Within our sphere ling'ring,  
Benevolent—bless'd—  
The best of thy feelings,  
Thy Saviour possess'd :

To join him in glory  
Thy summons was given ;  
What art thou enfranchised ?  
An angel in heaven.

Though fragile in nature,  
In faithfulness strong ;  
Expiring, thou chanted  
The cherubim's song :  
To purer realms wafted,  
From sorrows in this,  
Oh, may we rejoin thee,  
In mansions of bliss.

THE WOODBINE SWEET THAT SCENTS  
THE VALLEY.

LET others seek the rich parterre—  
 The flowers array'd in studied beauty—  
 I own the gilded prospect fair,  
 Yet pay not there my meed of duty ;  
 For I prefer the flow'ret wild,  
 That decks the glen, or crowns the alley ;  
 With modest mien, dear nature's child—  
 The woodbine sweet that scents the valley.

Raised on the hill of eminence,  
 The haughty fair with gaze alluring,  
 Issues her mandates of pretence,  
 Obedient foolish slaves ensuring :

Nor deigns to cast her eye below,  
From silken banner streaming gaily ;  
Or else surveys, with frowning brow,  
The woodbine sweet that scents the valley.

Give me the flower that decks the glade,  
In graceful, yet unstudied beauty,  
The fair in innocence array'd,  
And there I'll pay my meed of duty.  
'Gainst charms that bloom without pretence,  
In vain should we our forces rally ;  
At once they captivate the sense—  
The woodbine sweet that scents the valley.

BUT WHAT CAN AWAKEN THE SLEEP  
OF THE GRAVE ?

THE darkness that curtain'd the features of  
night,

Is wafted aside by the breezes of morn ;

The skies again shine, with their halo of light,

And new - wakened beauties the landscape  
adorn :

Deck'd in choicest apparel, all nature around,

The forest, and glen, and the mountain and  
wave,

Aroused from their slumber, more glorious are  
found—

But what can awaken the sleep of the grave ?

Man, proud of his vigour, and ardent to gaze,

Scales the height of the cliff, and ascends to  
the steep ;

There exalted, what passes beneath him surveys,  
 Yet feels 'midst his pride, inclination to weep :  
 He has soar'd to the limit of nature's domain,  
 His arm is extended to grasp at the sky ;  
 From his dream he awakes, and remembers how  
 vain,  
 Man's lofty dominion—created to die !

His thoughts seek their centre, he ponders  
 amazed ;  
 And asks of himself can it possibly be,  
 That the mind that conceived, and the science  
 that raised,  
 The proud tombs of Egypt; that bridled the  
 sea—  
 Withholding its course from invading the shore,  
 Pervading its depths, and restraining its wave—  
 Should quit its aspirings, and, ceasing to soar,  
 Should die, nor awake from the sleep of the  
 grave !

That the proud haughty spirit that measured  
 the sun,  
 And traced in progression each star in its  
 course ;

That develop'd their distance, the cycle they  
run,

Their nature, their orbit, their period, their  
force :

Who tributed earth from its deepest recess,

Exhausting the stores in its bosom that lie ;  
That this spirit should feel, and be forced to  
confess,

That man in his triumph, was destined to die !

Yes, his body shall die, and be borne to the  
tomb !

Thus God has decreed, and his fiat is true—

Like the verdure he started, from earth's preg-  
nant womb,

And shall thither return, to give nature her  
due—

His ashes shall moulder, his breath shall  
exhale,

The baubles of life he no longer shall crave ;  
But the triumph of Death, but awhile shall pre-  
vail,

Death shall die, and man wake from the sleep  
of the grave.

The earth that enfolded his mortal remains,  
 Dissever'd shall quake, to its inmost abyss ;  
 Whilst the spirit immortal its pinion sustains,  
 Triumphantly soaring to regions of bliss,  
 Or, lingering in flight, from the conflict of  
 grief ;  
 Reluctant the joys of the blest to espy ;  
 Alive to the doom that admits no relief,  
 And consign'd to those torments that never  
 shall die.

In Heaven's high court, 'midst the angel's  
 acclaim,  
 The Redeemer of Earth, seated high on his  
 throne ;  
 Pronounces the sentence of millions by name,  
 Who exultingly shout, or despairingly groan.  
 The blessed unite with the heavenly choir,  
 In the praises of Jesus — all-powerful to  
 save—  
 The cursed in deepest bewailing retire ;  
 And lament, that they woke from the sleep of  
 the grave.



## MY NATIVE LAND, DEAR ENGLAND !

My native land—my native land !  
What land can vie with thee ;  
The citadel of high emprise,  
The kingdom of the free ?  
Firm with thy guardian sea begirt,  
That foams around thine isle,—  
Thou, on the foes that menace thee,  
Indignantly can smile.  
My native land, dear England,  
What land can vie with thee ?

Like the proud eagle in the sky,  
That clings to heaven alone ;  
Thou feel'st thy proud security,  
Whilst other nations groan :

Thou feel'st, while oceans roll around,  
 An adamantine wall ;  
 The bravery that nerves thy sons,  
 Protects beyond them all.

My native land, &c.

To every clime beneath the sun,  
 On every foreign shore,  
 Indulgent heaven, in gracious mood,  
 Some gifts hath deign'd to pour.  
 But what hath she on each bestow'd,  
 However great or rare,—  
 That, measured in its amplitude,  
 Can with thy bliss compare ?

My native land, &c.

What realm can boast the liberties,  
 That grace this happy land !  
 Or tell the charter'd rights that form,  
 The base on which they stand ?  
 Or show a king, obey'd by love,  
 Beyond a despot's will ;  
 By sacred laws, from wrong restrain'd,  
 Sweet mercy's claims fulfil ?

My native land, &c.

Rome, in her highest day of fame,  
 And Greece, in all her pride,  
 By many a legislative change,  
 The art to govern tried.  
 In vain their boasted skill essay'd,  
 That perfect form to bring ;  
 Like Britain's constituted code,  
 Her commons, lords, and king.  
 My native land, &c.

Justice with thee on solid base,  
 Her beauteous fabric rears ;  
 Secure the peasant as the prince,  
 Protected by his peers.  
 To each alike, her laws dispensed,  
 Her cup to none runs o'er ;  
 The poorest has impartial meed,  
 The rich can gain no more.  
 My native land, &c.

Thine only is the soil where man,  
 Enjoys a full repose ;  
 Whose head admits the law's restraint,  
 Whose heart with freedom glows.

Where the paternal heritage,  
 Bequeath'd from sire to son ;  
 Dissever'd by no feudal lord,  
 He proudly calls his own.

My native land, &c.

Though oft on foreign climes the sun,  
 More warm and equal rise ;  
 Thine hardy race are born beneath,  
 And temper'd to thy skies.  
 Free from volcanic fires that whelm,  
 Whole cities in their train,—  
 Entomb'd for twice a thousand years,  
 Now brought to light again.

My native land, &c.

Of commerce the emporium,  
 Whilst every sail unfurl'd ;  
 Bears *from* or *to* thy favour'd coast,  
 The produce of the world.  
 The gifts that nature's richest vein,  
 Assigns to foreign shores ;  
 Commerce, with lavish hand on thee,  
 In rich profusion pours.

My native land, &c.

Soaring aloft on mighty wing,  
 Imperial science towers ;  
 Her sons, where can they raise their head,  
 With prouder front than ours ?  
 And where can we, from nature's mould,  
 A nobler being scan,  
 Than him, adorning court or glade,  
 The English gentleman ?

My native land, &c.

Thy blooming fair, with winning grace,  
 In every shape display'd,—  
 Features and form that captivate,  
 In modesty array'd.  
 Where is the land, in all her pride,  
 Amidst her choicest flowers,  
 Can show in lovely woman's wreath,  
 A blush so bright as ours ?

My native land, &c.

My native land, my native land,  
 What poet's lay can tell,  
 How full the tide of happiness,  
 Thy subjects' hearts that swell ?

Religion, order, dwell with thee,  
In simplest form confest ;  
And all the gentle charities,  
That humanize the breast.

My native land, &c.

Then long mayst thou, my native land,  
Enjoy thy high behest ;  
And still remain, as now thou art,  
The happiest, free'st, best !  
And may the subjects of thy love,  
Recount their blessings o'er ;  
And contrast thee with other lands,  
To cherish thee the more !  
My native land, dear England,  
What land can vie with thee ?

LIFE PORTRAYED BY THE PASSING  
DAY.

HAIL the beauteous dawn of day !  
Hail the sun's effulgent ray !  
Ent'ring on life's busy scene—  
Azure sky, and landscape green.

See, the heav'ns begin to low'r,  
Thunders crash, and torrents pour !  
All the elements at strife,  
Paint the noon-tide scene of life.

Now the storm of fate subsides,  
Now no more the whirlwind rides ;  
Thus in peace, the setting sun,  
Finds the glass of nature run !

WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF LLAN-  
GOLLEN, IN WALES, ON BEHOLD-  
ING ITS BEAUTIES.

How charming is the landscape round,  
How smiles the face of nature;  
In ev'ry gaze new beauties found,  
How varied ev'ry feature !  
On Sorrow's brow 'twould check the frown,  
'Twould cheer the breast most sullen ;  
Could he but cast his eyes adown  
The vale of sweet Llangollen.

Behold the chain of mountains rise,  
With awful grandeur teeming ;  
The sun that gilds the azure skies,  
Upon their summits beaming !



Behold, the cliffs majestic tower,  
 The clouds beneath are rolling ;  
 Encamping round the smiling bower,  
 The vale of sweet Llangollen.

See ! mountains piled in massive heap,  
 Ascending e'en to heaven ;  
 See ! rocks projecting o'er the steep,  
 By rude convulsions driven.  
 The view of hills from foreign shores—  
 Howe'er terrific—stolen,  
 Are not to be compared with ours—  
 The vale of sweet Llangollen.

See ! waving woods that shade the dell,  
 With verdant beauty glowing ;  
 Beneath the rapid river's swell,  
 In crystal current flowing.  
 See ! rills that o'er the pebbles glide,  
 And streams in torrents falling,  
 Whilst fairy mansions deck each side,  
 The vale of sweet Llangollen.

On yonder bank, beneath the hill,  
 With tufts of foliage blended ;  
 The whiten'd cottage and the mill,  
 With meadow far extended :  
 Two peaceful maidens\* there reside,  
 In every care condoling ;  
 Who've long the envious world defied,  
 In the vale of sweet Llangollen.

Behold, the busy works of men,  
 'Gainst nature's self prevailing !  
 See ! borne across the yawning glen, †  
 The stream of commerce sailing ;  
 Whilst boats suspended in the air,  
 Without the fear of falling,  
 From mount to mountain's side repair,  
 In vale of sweet Llangollen.

O vale ! with num'rous beauties seen,  
 Exciting rapture's feeling,  
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy scene,  
 Too deep its transports sealing.

\* Alluding to Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.

† Alluding to the celebrated aqueduct in the vale.

May genial rains enrich thy plain,  
The land for moisture calling;  
Yet shortly Sol illumine again  
The vale of sweet Llangollen!\*

\* The Welsh would pronounce it Thlangothlen; but the author has used the pronunciation after the English, on account of the rhyme.

## THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

## I.

THE bell tolls its summons ; 'tis borne on the  
blast—

Its sound is soul-stirring, and awful its peal :  
'Tis the hour of Christ's hero, his noblest and  
last—

What in life he maintain'd, with his life's  
blood to seal.

## II.

The pile is erected, the faggot alight,

The martyr to faith is bound fast to the stake ;  
Yet he shrinks not from pain, but asserting the  
right,

Looks up to his God, and endures for his  
sake.

## III.

The fire that surrounds him, the flames that  
 ascend,  
 Consuming his vitals, awake not a groan ;  
 He thinks on Christ tortured, his Saviour and  
 friend,  
 And viewing his sufferings, laments not his  
 own.

## IV.

With joy he reverts to his crucified Lord,  
 Transported in spirit, devoted in limb ;  
 His chants to his Saviour in rapture are pour'd,  
 And the angels in heaven respond to the  
 hymn.

The martyrs of our Church of old,  
 Each suffering firm to bear,  
 To the last gasp their triumph hold,  
 Their souls exhale in prayer.  
 And less to bear, it were a shame,  
 Shall I the conflict flee ?  
 Their Saviour bore the cross for them—  
 That Saviour died for me.

O Lord ! diffuse thy voice sublime,  
 Thy gracious accents pour ;  
 And waken in this later time,  
 The energies of yore.  
 Let thy celestial banner wave,  
 And bid thy trumpet sound ;  
 And let thy hosts, resolved and brave,  
 Rejoicing, rally round !

I cannot to thy standard haste,  
 My limbs in bondage held ;  
 But I can dwell on moments past,  
 When I maintain'd the field.  
 Scarce will my soul a moment wait,  
 The signal of thy love ;  
 Eager to stand at heaven's gate,  
 A sentinel above.

Then, Lord, support my quiv'ring frame,  
 Repress each recreant groan,  
 And make me bear, in Jesu's name,  
 What marks me for thine own !

Make every nerve for Jesus strain'd,  
 To adamant allied ;  
 Until I stand, the conflict gain'd,  
 A soldier at thy side.

## v.

Thus he sang his own requiem, in glory elate,  
 And beheld his tormentors, regardless of pain,  
 Drank the cup to the dregs, nor complain'd of  
 his fate,  
 Whilst the army of martyrs respond to his  
 strain.

## CHANT OF ANGELS AND MARTYRS.

Welcome to all the heavenly host,  
 Thou soldier of the cross—  
 Thou hast been faithful at thy post,  
 Count not thy sufferings loss.

CHORUS—Lift up thy voice !

That what thou quittest is but dross,  
 A moment shall unfold ;  
 When earth's base metal purified,  
 Shall turn to sterling gold.

CHORUS—Rejoice ! rejoice !

The heavenly portals open wide,  
 A much-tried saint to meet ;  
 And thousands who have earlier died,  
 A kindred spirit greet.

CHORUS—Lift up thy voice !

Angels who form'd the early choir  
 Around Jehovah's throne,  
 In joyful strains of harmony,  
 An added brother own.

CHORUS—Rejoice ! rejoice !

The crown of martyrdom is thine—  
 The great reward secure ;  
 Decreed to those by love divine,  
 Who patiently endure.

CHORUS—Lift up thy voice !

And now, thine earthly trials o'er,  
 Succeeds thy meed of fame ;  
 In God's eternal Book of Life  
 Emblazon'd is thy name.

CHORUS—Rejoice ! rejoice !



## VI.

Tormented in body, with agony spent,  
    Though weaken'd in nature, yet strong in his  
        faith ;  
Exulting in hope, on God's mercy intent,  
    He clings to his Saviour, and triumphs in  
        death.

## SONNET

ON THE RAINBOW.

WRITTEN AT MATLOCK, BATH, SEPTEMBER 10, 1834.

IMMEASURABLE arch—aerial bow !  
Whose vivid tints no pencil can portray ;  
So closely fine they blend, we know not how  
To separate their shades, identify each ray :  
And whilst we gaze, part of thine arch seems gone,  
Divided at its centre, marr'd the plan.  
Again the magic scene renew'd we own,  
The brilliant masonry which first began.  
Wert thou not evanescent, what would be  
The world's proud aqueducts, with all their  
piers,  
Compared, majestic work of heaven, with thee—  
Thou bridge of bright illuminated tears ?  
How great the architect that form'd the span ;  
How merciful th' intent to guilty man !

## THE LAMENTATIONS OF A FLY.

ON SEEING A SOLITARY FLY, PRESUMED TO BE  
ONE OF THE LAST OF THE YEAR.

A FLY, the last of all its race,  
The chilly season yet had spared,  
Musing, as in a creeping pace—  
Its strength and faculties impair'd—  
It traversed o'er the window frame,  
Of the warm sun to catch a ray ;  
To renovate its frame again,  
To live another day.

Thus to itself, in pensive mood,  
It breathed in lamentable strain :  
“ No longer I enjoy my food,  
And scarcely can I life sustain ;

I who, beyond my friends around,  
 More sensibly could sweets imbibe ;  
 And in each foray first was found,  
 Excelling all my tribe.

“The dangers oft in ambush laid,  
 The weak ones of our race to snare,  
 I miss'd, by some kind fairy's aid,  
 Her steadfast and peculiar care.  
 Spiders their tangling meshes spread,  
 And watch'd the issue of their craft,  
 Whilst I, by sage experience led,  
 Shunn'd their vile arts, and laugh'd.

“Alas ! my friends have pass'd away,  
 Their sand of life for ever run ;  
 No more their instinct they obey,  
 No more they revel in the sun :  
 And I, alas ! am left forlorn,  
 To watch their relics as they lie ;  
 No more to greet the coming morn,  
 A solitary fly.

“I had a spouse my soul held dear,  
Young ones our mutual fondness shared ;  
In turn each waked the falling tear,  
For fate relentless none has spared.  
Of life they trod the busy stage,  
The best and fairest of their kind ;  
Not one remains to soothe in age,  
The wretch they left behind.

“’Tis easy good advice to give,  
Of patience speak, and fortitude ;  
’Tis hard, when all are gone, to live,  
And brood in cheerless solitude.  
In eager hope I wait life’s close,  
Its sad vicissitudes to chase ;  
Finish my catalogue of woes,  
The last of all my race.”

## O D E

ON BEHOLDING A CANDLE NEARLY  
EXTINGUISHED.

**THE TAPER REPRESENTED AS EMBLEMATICAL OF LIFE.**

THE yet expiring taper glows,  
Yet casts a dismal light around ;  
Each object that it feebly shows,  
Display'd in melancholy ground,  
Appears a face of dusky hue to wear,  
Like a poor mortal's face o'erwhelm'd with dark  
despair.

Emblem of man's imperfect state,  
Of life's progressive dreary scene ;  
Where each untoward storm of fate  
Hangs low'ring o'er the bright serene.

Why should he aim at regal power,  
 Or wish to court ambition's ray ?  
 The sun that gilds the present hour,  
 The next may fade in clouds away :  
 Why should he wish such fleeting joys to share,  
 Empires must fall, and worlds dissolve in air ?

In early youth, in nature's spring,  
 We, like the kindling flame appear,  
 Whilst the revolving seasons bring  
 Their sweets to grace the passing year,  
 Till, in the ripen'd vigour of our days,  
 We shine in beauty's pride, the taper's cheerful  
 blaze.

While in the smiling bloom of youth  
 We view the verdant scene around,  
 And nobly proud in conscious truth,  
 We dance along the fairy ground ;  
 The moments pass in measures gay,  
 One constant round of fond delight ;  
 We dream throughout the livelong day,  
 And wake but with the shades of night.  
 Why should we hope a state of bliss to find,  
 Whose number'd hours are fleeting as the wind ?

Now passing through this chequer'd way,  
 Where storms and hurricanes assail,  
 We yield ourselves to sorrow's sway,  
 Or daring fate we brave the gale,  
 Regardless of the elemental strife,  
 The temp'rate blaze illumines the ardent noon of  
 life.

Great is the man whose daring soul  
 Can brave the ghastly smiles of death,  
 Can hear terrific thunders roll,  
 See stricken nature gasp for breath.  
 Unshaken by the dreadful roar,  
 He views the whole with placid mien ;  
 His efforts rocks repel no more,  
 And mountains cease to intervene ;  
 Why should he wish to gain the mountain's brow,  
 Whose heights are cover'd with eternal snow ?

Life is a thorny path at best,  
 Compass'd with hills, and nobly rude,  
 Where wolves annoy and thieves infest—  
 A scene of sad vicissitude ;  
 And care subsides, and day succeeds to night,  
 The taper, dimm'd awhile, emits a clearer light.



What though misfortune's baleful train  
     Awake the sad desponding sigh ;  
 She smiles malignantly in vain,  
     For hope—enchanting hope !—is nigh.  
 See through the clouds that float in air,  
     The little azure speck of day ;  
 Thus joy, succeeding to despair,  
     Relumes the dark embosom'd way ;  
 Yet wherefore hail the sweetly-temper'd sky,  
 Since Nature's works, and Nature's self must die ?

At last, fatigued with length of years,  
     We long to quit the narrow vale ;  
 To bid adieu to hopes and fears,  
     And fly, a happier clime to hail :  
 The lamp of life emits its parting gleam,  
 We close in Nature's sleep our mortal dream.

## MILLER'S-DALE.

A SCENE IN DERBYSHIRE.

IN the midst of the mountains, the Derbyshire  
hills—

In the winter so dreary and bleak ;  
Where the cold cutting wind the poor traveller  
chills,

As he wanders along near the Peak.  
'Midst these hills Nature kindly has mellow'd  
the scene—

A few milder beauties prevail ;  
Like the azure of heaven, the dark clouds be-  
tween,  
And the fairest of these, Miller's-dale.

How the heart wakes to gladness, how sparkles  
the eye,

That saw but the desert in view !  
And the rocks piled on rocks in confusion that lie,  
That protrude in their desolate hue ;

With the brown stunted shrubs that in poverty  
grow,  
'Midst the winds that in fury assail,  
In a moment to turn to an Eden below,  
And that garden of bloom—Miller's-dale.

Thus the scenes strangely chequered of life in  
its course,  
To the changes of nature are true ;  
And the path that is clouded and rough in its  
source,  
Yet may lead us to skies that are blue.  
Though the sands may be arid our steps that  
impede,  
And our hope and expectancy fail ;  
A bright little oasis smiles in our need,  
Like the one that illumines Miller's-dale.

## PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

WHAT are the moments flitted past,  
    However rich their glow ?  
Though bright with sunshine whilst they last,  
    What are those moments now ?  
Time pointing to the shadowy lines,  
    That on the dial fall ;  
Shows, as it cruelly refines,  
    Our joys beyond recal !

We fondly prize the present hour,  
    That time will soon destroy ;  
We find that pain is pleasure's dower,  
    And grief the child of joy.

Yet though the flowers the seasons bring,  
So very briefly bless ;  
We to the passing perfume cling,  
And die in the caress.

The future prospect, to the eye,  
Presents a glorious scene ;  
A radiant, bright, unclouded sky,  
And fields of vivid green.  
All that can sorrow's sting disarm,  
And gild our future doom,—  
All that can give to life a charm,  
We hail in hours to come.

The past no more our step beguiles,  
No further trace we see ;  
The present but a moment smiles,  
In transitory glee.  
Bliss in prospective must be found,  
In moments yet unborn ;  
Time drops his flag upon the ground,  
And laughs at us in scorn.

## LOVE AND PLUTUS.

Love and Plutus once agreed,  
To swell the list for beauty's favour,—  
Each to try his boasted creed,  
And each resolved in mind to have her.  
But first by mutual accord,  
Ere on the milky way to heaven ;  
All stratagems, they pledged their word,  
Should in the contest be forgiven.

First Plutus boasted of his wealth,  
His house and lands in good condition ;  
And with a slanderous tongue, by stealth,  
He tried to throw on Love suspicion.

But Love, though blind, retains his ears,  
 And, fill'd with honest indignation,  
 He vow'd, half laughing, half in tears,  
 To make him read his recantation.

He shew'd the fair how sad her lot  
 With age—and ask'd her how she'd bear it;  
 Talk'd of the comforts of a cot,  
 With love and kindly hearts to share it.  
 He rail'd at land, disparag'd gold,  
 Nay, e'en the comforts of a carriage;  
 Boasted of youth, and snubb'd the old,  
 And made his bow, and offer'd marriage.

But Plutus held his purse to view,  
 Talk'd of the comfort gold afforded;  
 Told her of all he meant to do,  
 From the full heaps he long had hoarded.  
 Whilst the poor maiden, half perplex'd,  
 Between the two—the boy and dotage,—  
 Balanced—delighted first, then vex'd—  
 Between the palace and the cottage.

Love rose, whilst his companion slept,  
And darting swift as any rocket ;  
Whilst in his dreams old Plutus wept,  
Of his full purse he pick'd his pocket.  
When waking, Plutus wept indeed,  
His groans were heard throughout the  
building ;  
Feeling how poor would be his meed,  
When thus deprived of all his gilding.

Love laugh'd when Plutus told his loss,  
And but the more to beauty pleaded ;  
Shew'd her the wretch without his dross,  
And sued and vow'd till he succeeded.  
Then to the miser threw his purse,  
To him more sweet than Hybla honey ;  
And took for better or for worse,  
The maid preferring love to money.



TO \* \* \* \*

THROUGH many a land I've wander'd,  
And dwelt on woman's face ;  
With rapture linger'd on each charm,  
Its harmony and grace :  
I've gazed on many a beauty,  
That danced in measure free ;  
But never have I gazed on one,  
So beautiful as thee !

It is not that thine eyes are bright,  
Or that thy forehead fair ;  
Thy pouting mouth speaks volumes,  
Thy cheeks beyond compare.

It is the tout ensemble,  
The graces join'd we see ;  
That center'd in thy countenance,  
Are pictured all in thee.

Were beauty of a dreamy kind,  
But brief would be its day ;  
We soon should cease to dwell on it,  
Its charm would pass away.  
But thine's of nobler presence,  
And long its reign will be ;  
Joy, beauty, and intelligence,  
Unite their charms in thee !

## THE FORCE OF CONTRAST.

How pure the breath of nature,  
When all around is fair ;  
Yet, rising from a fever'd couch,  
How purer still the air !  
Its breezes freely we inhale,  
We feel each gale endear ;  
And pour an incense on the soul,  
By contrast doubly dear.

How grateful to the feelings,  
To range the world at large ;  
The body by no chain confined,  
The mind without a charge :

The prisoner long in bondage held,  
 Who sees his passage clear ;  
 Awakes to freedom's fullest charm,  
 By contrast doubly dear.

From friends that form our solace,  
 Cemented to the heart ;  
 When quitting, for a foreign land,  
 How painful 'tis to part !  
 Yet, after tedious years are flown,  
 Their homeward course they steer ;  
 We hail the renovated ties,  
 By contrast doubly dear.

Should greater grief await us,  
 Should those we dearly love,  
 To human eyes appear to hold  
 Their call to realms above :  
 Yet should a gracious God be pleased  
 To keep them longer here ;  
 How closer to them should we cling,  
 By contrast doubly dear.

O'er life's discordant features,  
Awake cerulean hues ;  
Joy treads upon the skirts of grief,  
From bitter, sweets diffuse.  
The storm that clouds our morning,  
Ere noon may disappear ;  
And smiles may grace our setting sun,  
By contrast doubly dear.

## SONNET.

FAREWELL TO WOODHILL,

AFTER MY FATHER AND MOTHER'S DECEASE.

WOODHILL, adieu! full many a happy hour,  
 I've pass'd beneath thine hospitable roof;  
 I feel it now with renovatèd power,  
 When from thy social hearth my steps must  
 turn aloof.

It is a mournful thing to bid adieu,  
 When the mere ties of common feeling move;  
 But more it presses, when the scenes we view,  
 Endear'd by habit, and by those we love:  
 For though in life full many a spot I've seen,  
 With scenes that gladden'd, beautiful and  
 fair,

With sun as bright, and all around as green,  
 As wide a prospect, and as pure an air.  
 Yet o'er my heart thy scenes have cast a spell,  
 That haunt me when I bid a lingering last  
 farewell.

## LINES,

WRITTEN AT HALF-PAST ELEVEN, P.M., DEC. 31, 1836.

WITH hoary head, and limping pace,  
And sad be-wrinkled feature ;  
Bereft of every outward grace,  
Thou payest the debt of nature.  
Thy hour is come, Old Thirty-Six,  
Thou must no longer linger ;  
The Fates thy utmost limits fix,  
And Time extends his finger.

He shakes his hour-glass in thy face,  
Thy falling sands are number'd ;  
Thy moments soon will run their race,  
And thou be disencumber'd.

His pointed scythe, with pondrous sweep,  
 Thy seconds e'en dissever ;  
 Old Thirty-Six thou well mayst weep,  
 Ere thou art gone for ever.

Now is thy *temps de grace*, old year,  
 Bethink thee of transgression ;  
 And if thou findest cause to fear,  
 Betake thee to confession :  
 Yet, 'tis too late, thou canst not make,  
 For errors, restitution ;  
 Nor howsoe'er thy conscience quake,  
 Expunge by absolution.

If thou hast lived thy moments past,  
 In good and pure complexion,—  
 In virtuous deeds, and conduct chaste,  
 How blest the recollection !  
 But if, Old Thirty-Six, thou'st been,  
 To tricks and baseness given ;  
 We all shall greet thy heir, I ween,  
 And look to Thirty-Seven.



THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN IMPROMPTU.

GIVE but a heart to music tuned,  
And woman soon can tell,  
The charm to wake its sympathy,  
And weave for it a spell.  
Her hands the quiv'ring chords shall press,  
In all their softest tone ;  
Her touch shall reach the secret spring,  
That marks it for her own.  
For music holds resistless sway.  
The heart has only to obey.

Who can resist, when music speaks,  
From her that we hold dear ?  
When in soft cadences it breaks,  
On the enraptur'd ear.

If woman knew the latent power,  
Of melting harmony,  
How would she seize the happy hour,  
To wake the heartfelt sigh!  
For music holds resistless sway.  
The heart has only to obey.



H A D D O N   H A L L

AT

THE PRESENT DAY,

WITH

*Recordances of the Olden Time.*

THE Author of the present lines had gone with some near relatives to visit the scenes of which they are the recordance. He had been so often within the walls, that whilst his party, to whom it was new, explored the interior, he remained to perambulate without ; he did so, till, weary of waiting, he be-thought himself of scribbling, on the ruins around, a Sonnet—usually understood to consist of fourteen lines. How far, what he then commenced, has swelled beyond his original intention, the piece itself will shew. He offers no excuse ; they who were with him, wished him to print the lines, to put them in a more legible form, and he has been obedient to their wish.

Those who like the subject, may probably excuse the lines ; those who like neither, will of course, in the reading, deem their time misspent.

*Sheffield, March 18th, 1841.*

## HADDON HALL,

ETC.

How pleasant recurrence, the subject how vast,  
As we look back on ages, retracing the past !  
To weep o'er the scenes that remembrance en-  
dears,

Shews the tints of the rainbow engraven on  
tears :

The symbol that bids us with luminous eye,  
Hail the future, whilst quitting the past with a  
sigh ;

Still reverting to objects more distantly set,  
We gaze on the brightest, admire and regret.

To thine ancient halls, Haddon, I love to repair !  
My heart clings unto thee, though desert and  
bare—

To my mind's eye thou seem'st, though with  
    shadows o'er cast,  
To speak of hours brighter, and better things  
    past ;  
Those days when thy barons so proud of their  
    state,  
Held magnificent sway, the dispensers of fate,  
To hosts of retainers, their vassals and train,  
Who derived their support from thy princely  
    domain,  
And gave in return for protection supplied,  
Their homage, the proof of affection and pride.

Thy walls and thy turrets are sacred to view ;  
I admire e'en thy ruins, and homage them too ;  
Far beyond modern masses of brick and of  
    stone,  
Neither favouring the present, nor days that are  
    gone.  
How thy walls 'midst the foliage enveloping  
    peep !  
And make thee appear like some proud donjon  
    keep,

With every support and appurtenance found,  
 To hold head aloft, and to threaten around ;  
 Whilst the trees that encompass, and still higher  
     soar,  
 Add beauty to grandeur, still grander of yore,  
 When doubtless their number was greater than  
     now,  
 And accursed the axe that laid even one low.

At the foot of thy hill, winding gracefully by,  
 Let us look at thy waters, meandering Wye !  
 Who gambol'st along in such frolicsome mood,  
 And each step retracest, e'er one thou mak'st  
     good ;  
 Till sober'd in course, eccentricities done,  
 The Wye and the Derwent commingle in one.\*  
 As the streams through their own principalities  
     flow,  
 They skirt the domains, and the boundaries  
     shew ;

\* The rivers Wye and Derwent form one stream, shortly after passing the bridge at Rowsley, on the way to Matlock ; and the name of the former is lost in that of the latter.



Then, like Romeo and Juliet, of Italy's clime,  
 Whose love our own Shakspeare has rescued from  
     time,  
 Though their houses be rivals, they sever'd no  
     more,  
 United in beauty, shall silently pour ;  
 Thus loving, embracing, at once they entwine,  
 The Montague house, with the Capulet line.\*  
 Could we, Haddon, recur to the days of our sires !  
 And look in thy chambers, and sit by thy fires ;  
 Behold thy retainers regale at thy board,  
 With viands and liquids so prodigal stored :  
 And hear, 'midst their revels acclaim'd with a zest,  
 Their heart's grateful toast to the lords of the  
     feast :  
 Professing with pride, commingled with glee,  
 To their masters, adherence, affection to thee ;  
 Till the vine of old England, the barley-juice  
     strong,  
 Makes the outburst of gladness to pour forth in  
     song.

\* The Rutland and the Devonshire houses being entirely  
 opposed to each other in politics, may be deemed rivals, not  
 likely to commingle, as their respective rivers have done.

## SONG.

Old Haddon ! we love thy cheerful halls,  
 Thy battlements, turrets, and ivied walls;  
 Thine halls, whose bounty our fathers fed,  
 Who followed their chiefs, where danger led;  
 And we their sons, 'gainst friend or foe,  
 Wherever they summon, will go, will go.

CHORUS—Wherever they summon,  
 will go, will go.

Brave and liberal were thy lords of old,  
 Thy daughters fair, and thy youngsters bold;  
 And our princely masters of Haddon may  
 Vie with their fathers of olden day :  
 And couching spear, or bending bow,  
 We, their vassals, with them will go, will go.

CHORUS—We, their vassals, with  
 them will go, will go.

Then a bumper toast to our noble lords !  
 And to Haddon's proud halls, which such cheer  
 affords ;

May the cherish'd domain, so long their own,  
 In nature's course, pass from sire to son !  
 Grateful for joys, from them that flow,  
 Where they lead, we and ours will go, will go.

CHORUS—Where they lead, we and  
 ours will go, will go.

Thus whilst their good cheer their warm feelings  
 arouse,  
 They canvass'd each member of Haddon's famed  
 house ;  
 Brought forward each ancestor fully to view,  
 And discuss'd every scion and appanage too :  
 Each action that graced them, in prominence  
 shown,  
 They seem'd to identify each with their own,  
 Till the blood of the Vernons and Rutlands  
 bespeak  
 Nobility's tinge on a vassalage cheek.

Yet varied thy scenes, let us vary our tale,  
 And let our mementos ascend in the scale !

In the course of thy records the period has  
 been  
 When Majesty's self added grace to the  
 scene ;\*  
 When thy chambers so numerous, with beauty  
 abound,  
 When mirth struck the lyre, and joy echo'd the  
 sound :  
 When to add to thy splendour, thy glory en-  
 hance,  
 With her subjects Elizabeth join'd in the dance ;  
 Whilst her ladies so fair, her satellites seen,  
 Form'd a splendid galaxy, that moved round  
 their Queen—  
 E'en the sages, whose wisdom enlighten'd her  
 court,  
 Relax'd solemn faces, and join'd in the sport,

\* It is certain that Elizabeth visited Haddon ; not equally  
 so, that the personages assumed as her attendants were actually  
 there with her. The author has so far taken poetical licence,  
 and put the *vraisemblable pour le vraie*—what may have been  
 for what was—but even supposing some of the worthies spoken  
 of, there, he admits there would be some anachronisms with  
 respect to the precise period on the stage, of Raleigh and  
 Essex.

Perhaps haughty Essex the festival led,  
 Whom Elizabeth cuff'd, ere she took off his  
 head ;\*  
 Whilst he so impatient in action and word,  
 Storm'd loudly, and madly put hand to his  
 sword—  
 He would not, he vow'd, in the accents of  
 scorn,  
 From her father (bluff Harry) such insult have  
 borne,  
 Forgetting those feelings most gallants would  
 move,  
 E'en a cuff is a favour from her that we love ;  
 And did we not love, it should lessen the spleen,  
 That it came from the lily-white hand of a queen.  
 Hatton, Walsingham, Burleigh, and Cecil so  
 grave,  
 Some with frost on their brow, yet a proud  
 woman's slave,  
 Their dignity lower'd, and alter'd their tone,  
 Their wit ask'd, surprised, where their wisdom  
 was gone ;

\* The story recorded of Elizabeth's boxing the ears of Essex, and of his laying his hand to his sword, is historical.

Thus she, in her glory, the pride of her power,  
 Dispensed rays of gladness, or darkened the hour—  
 Then followed the banquet, the glorious carouse,  
 Where all that was worthy of Haddon's famed  
     house,

In every device, quaint and courtly arrayed,  
 To please Britain's queen, was in splendour displayed.

But who now advances in glorious triumph?  
 All eyes open wide, all are fixed upon him:  
 He draws near his sovereign, and, bending his  
     knee,

Looks up in thy face, and pays homage to thee;  
 To thee mighty queen, whose spell has been  
     thrown,

Entwining so many fond hearts to thine own—  
 So rich his apparel, so costly his gear,  
 One could not suppose a poor minstrel was here;  
 Though each was inquisitive, vain was the task,  
 His visage was hid by a close-fitting mask,—  
 And his voice rich and mellow, though fairly  
     sustained,

Yet shewed by its bearing, its accents were  
     feigned;

Whilst she who presided and governed each  
 thought,  
 Admitted at once all the secrecy sought—  
 As a prelude, his fingers a symphony played,  
 Till his own manly voice richer melody made ;  
 Whilst they whose emotions he wakened at will,  
 To list to his chant, wished the instrument still.  
 For, though by a master-hand touched, yet its  
 tone,  
 Chaste and sweet as it seemed, was less sweet  
 than his own ;  
 Yet both in their turn, those sensations impart,  
 That wake tears of pleasure, and thrill to the  
 heart.

## SONG.

The minstrel strikes the silver chord,  
 And on its strings reclining,  
 Inhales the music they afford,  
 Each tender source refining.  
 He swells into the highest strain,  
 His lady fair inspiring ;  
 And only shrinks from her disdain,  
 Her charms his bosom firing.

In her the nobly speaking eye,  
 Each female grace we minute ;  
 Without, the form of Majesty,  
 The lion-heart within it.  
 She, for a shield 'gainst every harm,  
 May count each British bosom ;  
 And gain, through woman's winning charm,  
 Our hearts, nor fear to lose them.

To the fair Queen of Britain's isle,  
 Our best regards we tender ;  
 On her may bounteous heaven smile,  
 And angel hosts defend her !  
 To her a double meed we owe,  
 A subject's sacred duty ;  
 And all the homage lovers shew,  
 To grace the shrine of beauty.

Thus he sang to his queen, and her bosom confess'd,  
 That the flattery, pleasing, sank deep in her breast ;  
 But who was the minstrel so boldly that sang ?  
 Whilst Haddon re-echoed the plaudits that rang



Through its halls, from her ladies, in beauty  
replete,

Whilst the minstrel once more sought Eliza-  
beth's feet.

The Queen bade him rise, with a woman's sweet  
grace,

Yet plucked at the moment the mask from his  
face.

'Twas Raleigh, so forward, so gallant, so brave,\*  
Who formerly seeking his sovereign to save,  
From the dust or the mire, as her foot press'd  
the ground,

With step so elastic, in silken hose bound ;  
(The first of the kind that in England had been,)  
Which her taper leg graced, and she will'd to be  
seen,

On the street as a bridge his rich mantle had  
spread,

And thence formed aspirings, which aftertimes  
fed—

\* The dawning favour of Raleigh arose from his throwing his mantle over a channel, to admit of his sovereign's passing over without detriment to her feet, and is also matter of history.

The smiles of his sovereign her pleasure be-  
speak,

Thanks breathed from her lips, blushes mantled  
her cheek ;

When the gallant she saw, whose concealment  
removed,

Betrayed how at once he both honoured and  
loved.

And Elizabeth, proud and majestic in need,  
Displayed woman's weakness, when love was the  
meed.

The hand she presented, he eagerly pressed,  
And Raleigh a moment stood first in her breast ;  
Till Essex, whose bearing defied her control,  
Aware of the passport he held to her soul ;  
His sovereign induced, by his bitter disdain,  
To frown the poor youth to his level again.

Not distant from Haddon, and close by her  
lands,

In the pride of its modern magnificence stands,  
Princely Chatsworth, whose grandeur and beauty  
may vie,

With the villas in Florence or Rome you descry—

A palace that owes all the charms it displays,  
 To its present possessor, the duke of our days ;  
 Whose sculptural taste in marble and stone,  
 Has joined classic Italy's grace to our own.  
 There in Chatsworth, I now mean the palace of  
     yore,

Not that we at present admire and explore,—  
 The beautiful Mary of Scotland confin'd,\*  
 Wept in secret, and told her sad tale to the  
     wind—

O ! hadst thou possessed neither beauty nor wit,  
 No resentment had risen, or might intermit ;  
 Hadst thou been like thy son, pedantic and  
     plain,

Untouched were thy freedom, our queen without  
     stain ;

Though history tells us, and we have believed,  
 Thy spirit (less pure than thy body) conceived,  
 Or yielded to others, regardless of shame,  
 A sanction to crimes that blot foully thy name !  
 Yet she who detained thee, and took at the last  
 Thy life, as indemnity paid for the past,

\* Mary Queen of Scots was for some time confined, through the jealousy of Elizabeth, in old Chatsworth.

Displayed but her feelings of hatred and spleen,  
 Forgetting that thou, like herself, wert a queen;  
 Though jealousy's fit her harsh justice invite,  
 'Twas only the fullness of power gave the right.  
 O! let us suppose the same period of time,  
 Our sovereign rejoicing, thou mourning thy  
     crime;

The former partaking each festival scene,  
 And thou sad, lamenting the days that had  
     been!

Elizabeth's courtiers surrounding her throne,  
 And thou in communion with heaven alone.  
 And all this occurring where even thy sigh,  
 If borne on the breeze, to thy rival would fly:  
 While shouts that salute her, from Haddon  
     would bring,  
 To heighten thy woes, what would add to the  
     sting.

The tides of our grief in profusion may pour,  
 'Tis the last bitter drop makes the channel run  
     o'er!

Thine errors were certain, thy crimes might be  
     great,  
 Yet thy sorrows so many, so adverse thy fate,

That our horror abates, as thy sufferings we see,  
And relentless the bosom that pities not thee !

These scenes are gone by—such will never  
return !

Thy fires that blazed brightly, will never more  
burn ;

For those who partook in the comfort they gave,  
Have crumbled to dust, ages gone in the grave ;  
Thy walls that re-echoed with footsteps of yore,  
Shall hold solemn silence, and echo no more.

All around thee is still, deserted, and drear,  
And a chilling sensation connected with fear,  
Awakes, as the thought passes quick through  
the head,

That all who dwelt in thee, are sealed with the  
dead ;

E'en the couple who lingered to shew off thy  
state,\*

Have answered in turn, when death knocked at  
the gate.

\* An aged couple had for many years resided in Haddon, and shewed it to strangers, with its halls and chambers, recording the history of its ancient possessors. A few years ago,

And we for the lack of their records may moan,  
 Whilst others their history may tell with thine  
 own.

Thy banquets are over, thy guests are all gone,  
 Thou left in thy grandeur of ruin alone ;  
 The clouds darken round thee, thy sky's over-  
 cast,  
 No days of the future will equal the past.  
 And he who bewails what no times will renew,  
 Now bids thee, lone Haddon, a saddened adieu.

one of this couple was called away, and the other shortly followed. Younger parties who live in a cottage near, are become the recorders ; but fail in exciting the interest awakened by their predecessors.

## J E S S E.

WITH eye of blue, and auburn hair,  
And beauty's stamp in face and mien,  
Sweet Jesse shone the village fair,  
With charms that might have graced a queen.  
Though thus adorned, the lovely maid,  
Unconscious of her secret power ;  
Possessed, in innocence arrayed,  
A charm transcending beauty's dower.

Yet though so fair, so brightly fair,  
Her beauty beamed on every eye ;  
She seemed a flower, so choice and rare,  
That men could only look and sigh—

Afraid her mercy to entreat,  
    Though all her secret influence own ;  
None dared, though all inhaled the sweet,  
    To snatch it for himself alone.

Shall not this flower of modest hue,  
    With all its grateful powers confest ;  
Transplanted, prove to nature true,  
    And blossom on a lover's breast ?  
Then press thy suit, and boldly woo,  
    The cherished smile from beauty crave ;  
And prove the ancient adage true,  
    That "fortune smiles upon the brave !"



IMPROMPTU

ON A YOUNG FEMALE WHO CAME DOWN STAIRS IN FULL  
DRESS, HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY EN DISHABILLE.

Up stairs in plain attire she went,  
A chrysalis to every eye ;  
But firm on admiration bent,  
She downwards sped a butterfly.

ON SEEING THE WORDS "CARPE DIEM,  
1778," SCRATCHED ON A PANE OF  
GLASS, AT SAXTON'S HOTEL, MAT-  
LOCK.

In life's bright morning,  
 When all around was gay ;  
 Care prospective scorning,  
 We hailed the cheerful day ;  
 But when clouds of even,  
 Obscured the glorious ray ;  
 By sad feelings driven,  
 We turned our eyes away.  
 Then "carpe diem," seize the moments as they  
 pass,  
 Ere the golden sands have fallen from the glass.

In all life's changes,  
 Throughout its daily range ;  
 This hour the past deranges,  
 With visions glad or strange.  
 'Tis like the splendid prism,  
 That gilds with beauteous dies ;  
 Then breaks, and forms a schism,  
 When fading from the skies.  
 Then "carpe diem," seize the moments as they  
     pass,  
 Ere the golden sands have fallen from the glass.

Seize that passing minute,  
 In vain thou would'st recall !  
 Thy fate may be wrapped in it,  
 That moment be thy all !  
 Then vain the gold of Cræsus,  
 Or diamond from the mine ;  
 The one would fail to please us,  
 The other useless shine !  
 Then "carpe diem," seize the moments as they  
     pass,  
 Ere the golden sands have fallen from the glass.

LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF FELICIA  
HEMANS.

THE soul has burst its clay,  
The spirit passed away,  
Winging its flight in triumph from our earth ;  
The strains that woke our love,  
Meet for the skies above,  
More rich and sweet, have found a purer birth.

She, who could grief disarm,  
She, who diffused a charm,  
To lull the sorrows that o'erwhelm us here ;  
She, who o'er plaints of woe,  
Oblivion's veil could throw,  
Herself dispels our joy, and wakes our tear.

For Hemans, dead, lament!  
 Yet hold!—in mercy sent,  
 The warning voice, from heaven's pure realms to  
 this,  
 Though keenly felt the blow,  
 We in submission bow,  
 And thank the Author that destroyed our bliss.

Our heartstrings to each line,  
 Like tendrils of the vine,  
 In fondness cling, as we retrace the past ;  
 Remembering that our grief,  
 Affords us no relief,  
 That thou hast breathed, and we inhaled thy last.

Thy muse in beauty glowed,  
 Her numbers sweetly flowed,  
 In softened cadence, as they poured along ;  
 And as thy music stole,  
 On the delighted soul,  
 We hailed the syren of the world of song.

Thine was a chastened theme,  
 Pure as a limpid stream,—

That rolls its current from some fountain pure ;  
 Unsullied, undefiled,  
 Amidst its native wild,  
 Its progress rapid, and its sources sure.

When forth thy numbers broke,  
 Instructive lesson spoke,  
 Some tender caution mingled with thy lay ;  
 'Twas like the morning's dawn,  
 Mantling the verdant lawn,  
 With cheerful blushings of the bright'ning day.

'Tis not in classic guise,  
 Thy wondrous beauty lies,  
 Thy subjects vivid, drawn from every source ;  
 What nature round inspired,  
 Thy kindred genius fired,  
 The first gave colour, and the latter force.

Within thy verse enshrined,  
 Immortal truths combined,  
 With splendid halo, graced thy spotless page ;  
 Each may a light discern,  
 We all may live and learn,  
 From youth's bright morning, to the night of age.



In thee no tinsel glare,  
 No burning thoughts laid bare,  
 To rouse our passions, or to wake our love :  
 Thy morals just, displayed,  
 Thine axioms deeply laid,  
 Children delight, and sages may approve.

Yet, with a proud acclaim,  
 Why linger on thy name ?  
 Thy bark is launched for ever from our shore ;  
 Though fondly we recall,  
 What so transported all,  
 We cannot hear, for thou canst charm no  
 more.

That heart, whose richest tide,  
 Life to that voice supplied,  
 And woke through every nerve the secret thrill ;  
 These can no longer sway,  
 For these have passed away,  
 That voice is mute—that heart for ever still.

More sad than tongue can tell,  
 We bid thy Muse farewell !



In vain our thanks of grateful feeling rise ;  
 To thee we cannot soar,  
 Nor can thy numbers pour,  
 Their seraph strains, to greet us from the skies.

Thine now are angel songs,  
 To heaven thy theme belongs ;  
 From earthly leaven, purified and clear :  
 Thine incense now may swell,  
 And angel hosts may dwell,  
 On notes still sweeter, than entranced us here.

To thy new home we look,  
 Deriving from the Book,  
 What from repining sets our bosom free ;  
 Though from thy glorious bourn,  
 To us there's no return,—  
 We, heaven directed, may ascend to thee.



## AN HYMN.

SOURCE of our being, mighty God !  
Look from the sky, thine high abode ;  
On us with love, and awe, and fear,  
That bow the knee, and worship here.

Reject us not, nor turn thy face,  
Inspire our prayers to meet thy grace ;  
And make our tongues, in accents free,  
Proclaim our gratitude to thee.

Make us thy further aid implore,  
At once entreat thee, and adore ;  
From earliest childhood, to the tomb,  
For favours past—for joys to come.

Give us to know thy sov'reign will,  
To comprehend, and to fulfil ;  
To thy behests at once accord,  
Obey, as well as hear thy word.


Teach us, though grating to our pride.  
That Christ alone for man that died,  
Can shed an halo o'er the grave ;  
That only faith in Him can save.

Make us each Scripture truth receive,  
Submissive bow, with joy believe ;  
And faith and practice so agree,  
That we may dwell with Christ and Thee !

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

SWEET! to recurring memory,  
Some records of the past ;  
Although they long have ceased to be,  
And were not doom'd to last.  
Unchanging joy, by nature's law,  
Was not to mortals given ;  
Continued happiness would draw,  
Too near the bliss of heaven.

Man was by his Creator meant,  
To exercise control ;  
To govern by a wise intent,  
The faculties of soul :



Because this world was not designed,  
To be our lasting home ;  
But purposed to prepare the mind,  
For better things to come.

Were the full tide of happiness,  
At man's disposal placed ;  
His heart would wallow in excess,  
And nature be disgraced :  
He to the dregs, the bowl would quaff,  
By grossest feelings driven ;  
Clinging to earth with sensual laugh,  
Would for it forfeit heaven.

MAN'S HAPPY IGNORANCE OF THE  
 HOUR OF HIS SUMMONS FROM  
 EARTH.

O'ER the frail thread of life's extent,  
 The veil of mystery thrown ;  
 'Tis vain, on good or evil bent,  
 To count one hour our own.  
 E'en to a patriarchal age,  
 The tissue may be spread ;  
 Or, the next moment close our page,  
 The finis of the dead.

'Tis, by a merciful decree,  
 In ignorance we rest ;  
 Though dimly we the future see,  
 Our bounded view is blest :

Contemplating our early fate,  
 What man would greatly dare ?  
 Or, if protracted were our state,  
 Each thought would bring despair.

Though skill and genius should project,  
 Though mighty minds compete ;  
 The science of one architect,  
 Another must complete.  
 Then, who would strive, however praised,  
 Whatever meed were given ;  
 If, on the ladder one had raised,  
 Another soared to heaven.

'Twould damp our manly energies,  
 Our moral course impede,—  
 Forbid us to be truly wise,  
 And paralyze each deed :  
 Repress the purpose of our birth,  
 And make us anguish driven ;  
 Unfitted for our task on earth,  
 Then banish us from heaven.

E'en Damocles, who knew his breath  
Dependent on a hair,  
Woke not to such a fear of death,  
And felt not such despair,  
As each desponding wretch would do,  
Each morning when he rose ;  
Conscious his hour was fixed, and drew  
Still nearer to its close.

Should an archangel from God's throne,  
On swiftest pinion fly ;  
To trumpet forth, " Thy race is run—  
Thy doom, this day to die !"  
How would it strike upon the heart,  
Awakening fear and shame ;  
How, through each nerve, a thrill impart,—  
Electrify the frame.

Remorseless death will have its day,  
Its grasp no power can stem ;  
Millions of souls have pass'd away,  
And we must follow them.

Still each to the delusion wakes,  
 The time may not be yet.  
 Thus hoping, though the bosom quakes,  
 We study to forget.

Death might the least appal his eye,  
 That dreamed long years between ;  
 As landscapes that displease, when nigh,  
 Offend not, distant seen.—  
 Too near approached, the tints displayed,  
 Present an altered hue ;  
 And coarser objects are portrayed,  
 That grate upon the view.

How has our God, from depth of woe,  
 Relieved us sinful men ;  
 Though to the clay-cold grave we go,  
 We know not how, nor when :  
 Nay more, within the anxious soul,  
 A quivering voice is heard,  
 That breathes beyond the mind's control,  
 Long be the time deferred !



And when the hour at length shall come,  
That severs human ties,  
We look with trembling to our home,  
As dwellers in the skies.—  
Yet, ent'ring Heaven's eternal gate,  
From baser passions free,  
Hope, that the pure affections wait,  
E'en on eternity.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

WHEN a lady entreats, can an author refuse,  
To put on his boots, and to saddle his muse?  
Since she condescends so kindly to beg of us,  
We put foot in stirrup, and soon bestride  
Pegasus,  
With a firm resolution our seat to maintain,  
And losing the bridle, to grasp at the mane:  
Thus guarded in front, should in aft ought  
assail,  
With a grace all our own, we lay hold of the  
tail;  
And with these supports at both ends to protect  
us,  
We meekly defy this said steed to eject us,  
And set out at once with this able prospectus.

But what we shall say after all this exordium,  
 Wakes a nervous sensation around pericardium ;  
 Which, should it extend beyond the heart's  
 border,

Would require hosts of tonics to put into order ;  
 And these we all know, without any question,  
 May the stomach affront and cause indigestion ;  
 And that once created, like steam in a kettle,  
 Indignantly hisses, and wants time to settle.  
 But a light breaks upon me—a faint borealis—  
 Of which my goose-quill quite prompt to avail  
 is.

And now since the subject no longer perplexes,  
 The album I write in, my chapter and text is,  
 Into which is poured forth from the mint of the  
 noddle,

Each coin—the gold sovereign down to the brass  
 bodle ;

Whilst I am content, with a modest expansion,  
 To call mine a farthing, but that a Queen Anne's  
 one.

When we think how impromptu the ladies oft  
 call one,

Can we wonder the coin they elicit's a small one ?

A Croesus, for lack of small change, might have  
 blundered,  
 Who boldly could issue a cheque for a hundred,  
 Which draft, or his banker would be most ill-  
 manner'd,  
 When presented for payment, would surely be  
 honour'd.

What a wonderful medley our albums comprise !  
 How the funds in them vary, now sink, and now  
 rise ;  
 Sometimes cause elation, and sometimes they  
 jar,  
 As they alter their tenor, above, below par.  
 How varied in prose, or in metre indited,  
 Illumed by the sun, or with dark clouds be-  
 nighted ;

In gravity's mantle, or in a gay measure,  
 Exciting impatience, or sadness, or pleasure ;  
 Beseeching, or thanking, deploring, condoling,  
 Or meeting, or parting, or railing, cajoling ;  
 Each feeling or passion, though highly affected,  
 Sources but of display, if fairly dissected :  
 And these often written in language but so so,  
 In an harlequinade, or the face of Pomposo.

With anagram, rebus, not forgetting acrostic,  
Some pleasing to read, some making us most  
sick.

Charade, sonnet, epigram, elegy, ode,  
And all kinds that deviate from the high road,  
And get into bye paths, in which 'tis but charity,  
To say their least ill is their great singularity.  
But to write in this strain, my pen might con-  
tinue,

Till I had exhausted the patience that's in you ;  
So as 'tis past midnight, and filled is my paper,  
I shall wish you good night, and extinguish my  
taper.

## LINES

ON BEHOLDING THE WELSH MOUNTAINS, FROM  
THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE MERSEY.

BEHOLD! on the opposite shore,  
The high crested mountains arise ;  
So famed in the annals of yore,  
Whose summits ascend to the skies.  
There bards felt the muses inspire,  
Their lay flow'd in numbers divine ;  
It swell'd on the chords of the lyre,\*  
Sublimity glowed in each line.

There Edward—our first of the name—  
Waved the standard of victory high ;  
Yet tarnish'd his laurels and fame,  
When he bade lyric melody die.

\* A poetical licence is taken, in using the term lyre or harp synonymously.

The fire of the Muse was subdued,  
On the strings of the harp she reclined ;  
She wept for the innocent blood,  
She gave her fine hair to the wind.

Her eye shot the gleam of despair,  
A tear left its crystalline home ;  
Till lost in the furrows of care,  
It sank on her cheek to the tomb.  
Her hand o'er each chord wildly roved,  
She starts ! 'tis the aspect of fear ;  
She mourned for the music she loved,  
As the sounds died away on the ear.

Yet ruthless the hand of the king,  
With the blood of her prophets imbrued ;  
To his cause could it victory bring,  
To war in so savage a mood ?  
When the angel of mercy withdrew,  
Could he hope that the demon of ire,  
Would freedom's firm spirit subdue,  
And liberty trampled expire ?

The deeds that emblazon'd his page,  
 With blot in his scutcheon so foul,  
 Could only add strength to their rage,  
 And give a fresh nerve to the soul :  
 Though he stalk through the land, and despoil,  
 The blood that is sprinkled around  
 But renders prolific the soil,  
 Causing heroes to spring from the ground.

For who that has freedom enjoy'd,  
 Would basely that freedom forego ?  
 Depressed, it is never destroyed ;  
 It breathes, though it ceases to glow ;  
 Though cruelty wither thy smile,  
 The sun of thy bliss shall return ;  
 The fire that was damp'd for awhile,  
 Shall only more vividly burn.

Awhile grief suspended their rage,  
 But soon it spreads fierce through the land ;  
 Young and old in the contest engage,  
 It steels every bosom and hand.



From the spell of surprise they awoke,  
 Cliff and valley indignantly call ;  
 They rise to dissever the yoke,  
 For their country to conquer or fall.

Though noble, though sacred their cause,  
 Though gallant their bearing as men ;  
 Though love for their country and laws,  
 Their arm and their courage sustain ;  
 But awhile these their efforts uphold,  
 But awhile these their downfall delay,  
 Contending for freedom of old,  
 They languish, succumb, and obey.

Victory hovered awhile o'er the fight,  
 Her wreath she withdrew in suspense ;  
 Then deserted the cause of the right,  
 And crowned the bare brow of pretence.  
 The haughty invader obtained  
 A gem to embellish his throne ;  
 The contest so fiercely maintained,  
 United thy power to his own.

Yet, cease the result to deplore,  
Thy struggles exerted in vain ;  
Thy tears shall awaken no more,  
Thine own\* native princes shall reign.  
Thou shalt not in vassalage groan ;  
Thy children no bondage shall see :  
One monarch both countries shall own,  
And each remain land of the free.

\* Alluding to the birth of Edward, Prince of Wales, at Caernarvon Castle, subsequently King Edward II.

## LIFE'S DAY.

WE wake to morning's balmy breath,  
Life's genial breezes we inhale ;  
Nor dream that joys themselves bequeath  
Sorrows that may in turn prevail.  
A mingled yarn the hours become,  
With changing chequered seasons rife ;  
To some a triumph, death to some,  
A bright sun gilds the morn of life.

In the frequented path we steer,  
Tread in those steps that others trod ;  
Hardly escape the dangers near,  
And often have to kiss the rod.



The glowing heat that crowns the noon,  
At first our ardent object made,  
We find is too intense, and soon  
We quit the glare, and seek the shade.

At eve's approach we look around,  
To find a calm and snug retreat ;  
Where tranquil pleasures may be found,  
And nature's carpet cool our feet :  
Where, in a retrospective view  
Of thoughts, words, acts, in all their scope ;  
The mind may find an honest clue,  
To present joy and future hope.

## THE SKYLARK.

THE skylark from the waving corn,  
Prefers its early prayer,  
It springs to greet the rosy morn,  
And nestles in the air.  
It holds communion with the sky,  
Its praise in warblings given ;  
And carries in its melody,  
A gift from earth to heaven.

Hark ! how it swells its joyful lays ;  
Hark ! how it trills on high ;  
And thence the world beneath surveys,  
Where its affections lie.

Though soaring on triumphant wing,  
Like those of prouder birth ;  
To nature's ties its feelings cling—  
They draw it back to earth.

How might the anxious views of man,  
In vanity preferred !  
The actions of this songster scan,  
And profit by the bird :  
And see, although his thoughts may rise,  
Beyond their native sphere ;  
How home binds by a thousand ties,  
How joys are centred here.

Yet pondered in a nobler sense,  
When mortals upwards soar ;  
No ties should draw their feelings thence—  
The world should charm no more.  
Unlike the bird, that drops anew,  
Into its lowly nest ;  
The heavens should be their final view,  
The haven of their rest.

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ODE  
ON THE RUINS  
OF  
CONISBRO' CASTLE,  
NEAR DONCASTER, IN YORKSHIRE.





## O D E

ON THE RUINS OF CONISBRO' CASTLE.

MAJESTIC tower! that frown'st on high,  
 Amid the trees that bloom around;  
 Full oft my bosom heaves a sigh,  
 As wand'ring o'er thy desert ground,  
 My thoughts recur to former days,—  
 I view those scenes in ancient time,  
 On which with sorrowing mien we gaze,  
 That mould'ring now, once towered sub-  
     lime:  
 And as my fancy paints, with magic sway,  
 My heart elated swells — then sadly dies  
     away.

Within thine ivy-mantled walls,  
     The chieftain held his proud domain ;  
 And numbered o'er his vassal train,  
     Erst summoned to thy fretted halls :  
 A train that owned no other lord,  
     But hailed implicit his decree,—  
 Whose numbers graced his pageant board,  
     Or swelled his field of chivalry :  
 For when the trumpet hoarsely breathed afar,  
 Each grasped the manly spear, and followed to  
     the war,

A thousand shafts to vengeance drawn,  
     A thousand massive spears unite,—  
 And men who joyous hailed the dawn,  
     Set with the sun, and sleep in night.  
 The silken banners proudly swelled,  
     A beacon to each warlike host ;  
 Whilst oft repelling, and repelled,  
     As oft the battle's won and lost :  
 Till firm resolved to conquer or to die,  
 Thy vassals strain each nerve, the dastard  
     spoilers fly.

By triumph's genial breezes fanned,  
     Each bosom feels a manly pride ;  
 The creaking portals open wide,  
     As if to greet the victor-band.  
 The bursts of welcome rend the air,  
     The shouts of conquest wake anew ;  
 And though, some moanings of despair  
     Are heard—some tears the cheeks bedew—  
 Of those whose sires, and sons, and husbands,  
     fell,—  
 Still they rejoice, that peals of victory rang  
     their knell.

And now the feast of triumph reigns,  
     The sumptuous banquet decks the board ;  
 And mighty chiefs, in joyous strains,  
     The goblet raise, and sheath the sword.  
 The streams of purple juice they quaff,  
     Athirst, repeated cups they crave ;  
 Now they suspend the revel laugh,  
     And drink the memory of the brave.  
 Whilst harping high, the minstrel tunes the  
     meed,  
 Recalls each gallant knight, and flourishes each  
     deed.

## LAY—THE KNIGHT.

RAISE a strain for the knight,  
 Who encountered each foe,  
 Nor, whatever their might,  
 Condescended to bow.  
 But maintaining the field,  
 In all numbers despite ;  
 Made his enemies yield,  
 And acknowledge the right,  
 Of the bravely-enduring, invincible knight.

No obstacles moved him,  
 No dangers deterred ;  
 They served but to prove him,  
 His spirit they stirred.  
 No terrors appalled him,  
 He held dangers light ;  
 The trumpet's throat called him,  
 To haste to the fight.  
 The bravely-enduring, invincible knight.

His fair claims his duty,  
 At her footstool he sits ;  
 The light chains of beauty,  
 The bonds he admits.

The spells cast around her,  
 All his senses invite ;  
 The charms that surround her,  
 Make the homage meed light,  
 Of the bravely-enduring, invincible knight.

Hushed for awhile in mystic awe,  
 The knights in solemn silence sat ;  
 And, musing o'er the warrior's fate,  
 Shades of departed heroes saw.  
 Who, as in dread review they pass'd,  
 Recalled each well remember'd ground,—  
 The battle shout—the trumpet blast—  
 And shewed each scar, and gaping wound.  
 Roused to revenge, the chiefs instinctive rose,  
 And clashed their swords, and swore destruction  
 to their foes.

The dance awoke by music's strain,  
 Times to the soul-enlivening swell ;  
 And tripping in the sprightly train,  
 Yields to the sweetly magic spell :

Maidens in peerless beauty bright,  
 And knights for gallant deeds renown'd,—  
 In pleasure's circling maze unite,  
 Together form the festive round.  
 Elate with joy, the heroes sigh the while,  
 Yet feel their valour's wreath firm bound by  
 beauty's smile.

Now close the page of honour's dream,  
 The deeds that gild the page of fame ;  
 And fancy paint the rising shame,  
 Perfection never gilds the theme—  
 The brightest sun that ever shone,  
 Hath frowned, ere half its course were run ;  
 The fairest form the graces own,  
 Hath something we might wish undone :  
 The needle, counted to the magnet true,  
 Loses, beyond the poles, its faith—and points  
 anew.

Immured in solitary gloom,  
 Within the dungeon's deep recess,—  
 Imprisoned in a living tomb,  
 Where not a whisper e'en can bless :

Where the dank walls, in sullen tears,  
 Lament the wretched inmate's woe ;  
 Where the stern iron grates the ears,  
 And bends the proudest feelings low :  
 There the poor prisoner mourns, in bitter grief,  
 A despot tyrant's will, nor dares to hope relief.

What crime hath waked his secret fate,  
 And chilled his day at early morn ?  
 What crime hath fixed the festering thorn ?  
 A despot's will—a tyrant's hate—  
 His vassal, cast in freedom's mould,  
 Hath proudly spurn'd th' oppressor's chain ;  
 Hath scorned the feudal system's hold,  
 And breathed a modern Briton's strain :  
 Hath dared assert, though rank must have a  
 sway,  
 Man is not slave to man, to servilely obey.

Or fired by beauty's native charms,  
 That grace alike the low and great ;  
 The lord hath courted to his arms,  
 The daughters of his subject state,



Hath with licentious lust assailed,  
 The fair in innocence arrayed,—  
 Hath by his wily arts prevailed,  
 And won the slowly yielding maid :  
 The sire indignant, bent beneath his years,  
 Thus in his dungeon wails, and sheds his  
 scalding tears.

LAY—THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

WOEFUL the measure,  
 Of him who bewails,  
 Loss of his treasure,  
 When penury assails ;  
 Deeper his sorrow,  
 Who blest in his child,  
 Weeps on the morrow,  
 Her innocence spoiled.

Cruel the case is !—  
 Who virtue disarms,  
 Beauty defaces,  
 And robs of its charms ;

For the brief pleasure,  
    Possession can bring ;  
Gives to her leisure,  
    The asp with its sting.

Whilst the poor maiden,  
    Who, lured to her grief,—  
With anguish laden,  
    Can find no relief :  
But, in her sadness,  
    Laments o'er her doom ;  
Falls into madness,  
    Or sinks to the tomb.

He who seduces,  
    And brings her to shame,—  
Basely traduces,  
    The first to defame—  
No care concealing,  
    No sorrow betrayed ;  
He spurns without feeling,  
    The wreck he has made.

Within thine hall, with trophies decked,  
     Wrested from many a gallant foe,—  
 The lance, the spear, and manly bow,  
     Shields pendant, rusting from neglect—  
 Where many a banner proudly waves,  
     The standards of thy lords of old ;  
 Now sleeping in their narrow graves,  
     Who brandished once their falchions bold :  
 Like the waves, bursting with resistless sway,  
 Their might o'erwhelmed their foes, and filled  
     them with dismay.

Within thine hall, the haughty lord  
     Enthroned, the bed of Justice held :  
 And as caprice or ire impelled,  
     Averted, or let fall the sword,—  
 There pity raised the streaming eye,  
     Yet oft her eye implored in vain ;  
 For Mercy, with a recreant sigh,  
     Had ceased to melt at Pity's strain :  
 Justice no more, with equal balance swayed,  
 And Honour fled the court, to blossom in the  
     shade.

Say, who shall check the tyrant's sway,  
 Whence shall a brighter sun arise ?  
 Or, when the thunder rends the skies,  
 Who shall the tempest's fury stay ?  
 His justice and his mercy flown,  
 His callous heart encased in steel,—  
 E'en should they kneel before the throne,  
 What ray shall smile on the appeal ?  
 He to the passing breeze each threat would fling,  
 And from his castle breathe defiance to his king.

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But now no bondage wakes the sigh,  
 That pressed on Britain's sons of yore ;  
 We live beneath the freest sky,  
 And Tyranny exists no more—  
 Our monarchs hold parental sway ;  
 The peer and peasant law revere ;  
 And like the stars, in bright array,  
 Move kindly in their proper sphere.  
 The hand of Justice now no more appals,  
 But on the guilty head the sword of Vengeance  
 falls.

THE MIND CHEERED AT THE DREADED  
APPROACH OF WINTER.

WHEN chilling gales pervade the sky,  
And summer's reign is o'er ;  
When flowers of grateful odour die,  
Their sweets inhaled no more :  
When birds that poured their cheering strain,  
In rapture on the ear ;  
Their notes of melody refrain,—  
'Tis sure that winter's near.

Regretting, we survey the past,  
The future we may dread ;  
And wishing sunny warmth might last,  
Lo ! cold and frost instead :

Yet, nature in impartial mood,  
    May give a charm to each ;  
And from each change deducing good,  
    A useful lesson teach.

When winter's frigid blasts prevail,  
    We cannot look for flowers ;  
Nor read nor tell the friendly tale,  
    Within the summer bowers :  
But should good sense the feelings form,  
    We still may sit at ease,—  
And find, regardless of the storm,  
    A substitute for these.—

Seated beside the cheerful fire,  
    Our dearest friends around ;  
The social comforts we desire,  
    What greater bliss is found ?  
And should the heavens relax awhile,  
    One hour of sunshine won,  
Would wake a far more grateful smile,  
    Than if it always shone.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT BOOTH FERRY, IN AUGUST, 1838.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM MIDDLETON, ONE OF THE  
COMPANIONS OF THE TOUR.

I SAT on the bank of the river,  
     The sun in its majesty glowed,—  
 My heart paid its meed to the giver,  
     I gazed on the tide as it flowed :  
 It bore to the ocean its tribute,  
     Comparing the mean and sublime ;  
 Such a mite, as its waters distribute,  
     As a speck on the dial of time.

How calmly it flows in its current,  
     Alternately changing its plan ;  
 The steamers arousing a torrent,  
     The ships sailing smooth as a swan,—

That steering erect on its bosom,  
 Uprears its tall neck in its pride ;  
 Each with sails or with wings, as they use 'em,  
 In grace and in beauty to glide.

I watched for awhile by its water,  
 That sought its great mother the main ;  
 Which, after embracing its daughter,  
 Sent her back to her cradle again :  
 Thus, replete with the aliment given,  
 The blood through the system that pours ;  
 Her flags gaily fan to the heaven,  
 And bear the rich freight to her shores.

Yon vessels, in soft undulation,  
 That cheerly float down with the tide ;  
 Sails flapping in full animation,  
 Like creatures of instinct they ride !  
 And when the mild breeze has arisen,  
 That wafts them more fleet to their goal ;  
 They seem like men rescued from prison,  
 To sport in the joy of the soul.



Like the tide, that revolves in its duty,  
 I turn from the streams as they lave ;  
 And gaze on the sun in its beauty,  
 As its brilliance reflects in the wave.  
 It glows in the blaze of its splendour,  
 The heavens with its radiance shine ;  
 And it dies, with expression so tender,  
 We hail, and we mourn its decline.

On the dark clouds around it that hover,  
 Its last fading glories unfold ;  
 Hills and mountains in shape we discover,  
 And it tinges their summits with gold—  
 The dies in the rainbow that brighten,\*  
 In long lines of beauty displayed ;  
 Whilst changing each moment, they heighten  
 The scene, till they sink into shade.

Bright orb ! to our sight no more given,  
 And seeking thy couch in the west—

\* It might seem a fiction—a mere poetical effect—but that evening, the most beautiful sunset, a splendid, though distant, rainbow, and a glorious moon—beauties combined, how rarely seen !—actually appeared in rapid succession.

Thy prototype shines in the heaven,  
 Like a bride, new apparell'd and drest !  
 First one, that entreats our indulgence,  
 Half retired, half disposed to be won ;  
 Till she bursts on our eyes in effulgence,  
 In the jewels she stole from the sun.

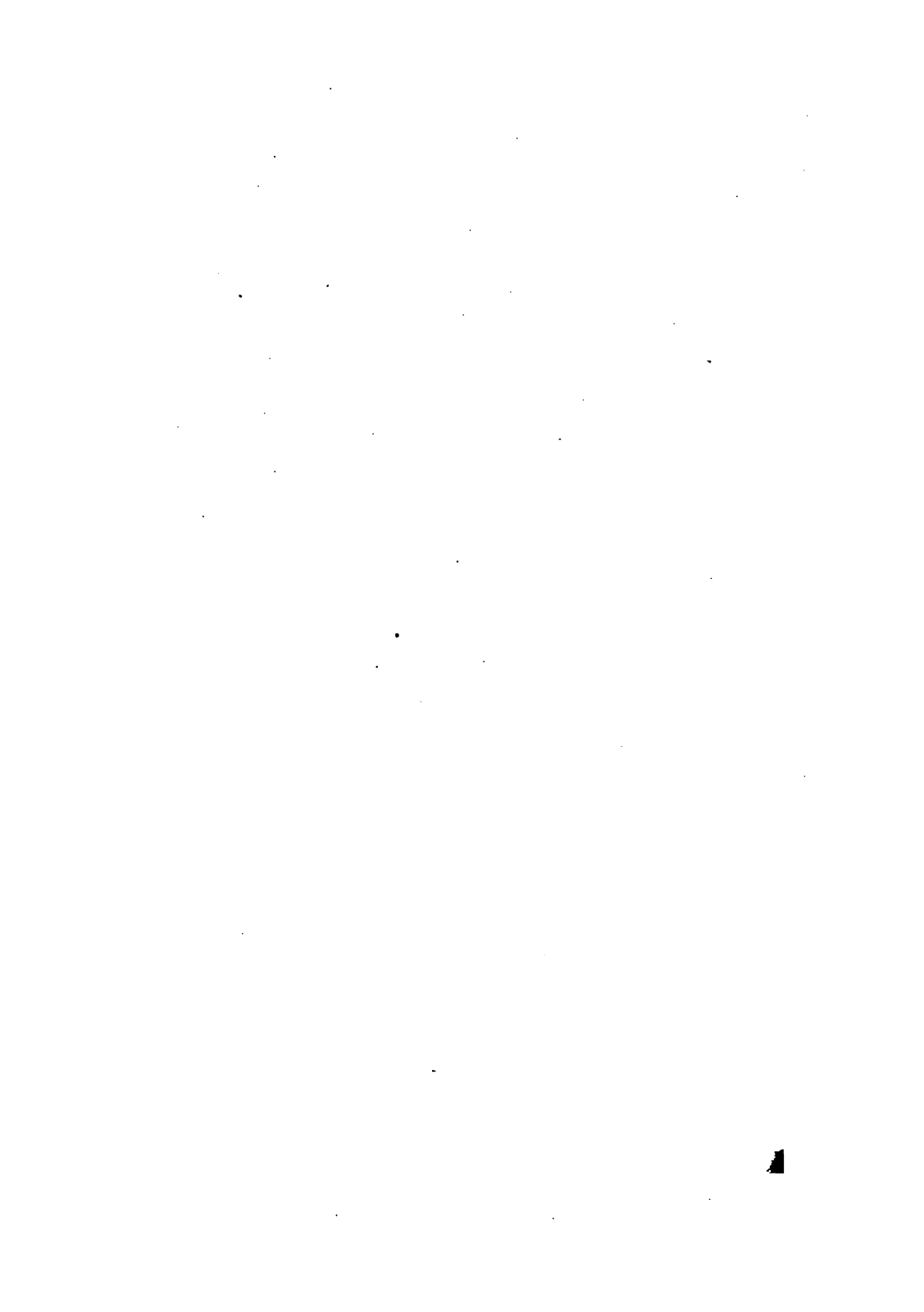
Now turn to the landscape surrounding,  
 Howden's steeple appears in the view ;  
 But the shadows of evening confounding,  
 The fanciful blends with the true ;  
 In the morn we had gazed on the ruin,  
 Whose walls and whose archways sublime,  
 Proclaimed in their very subduing,  
 The strength of their struggle with time.

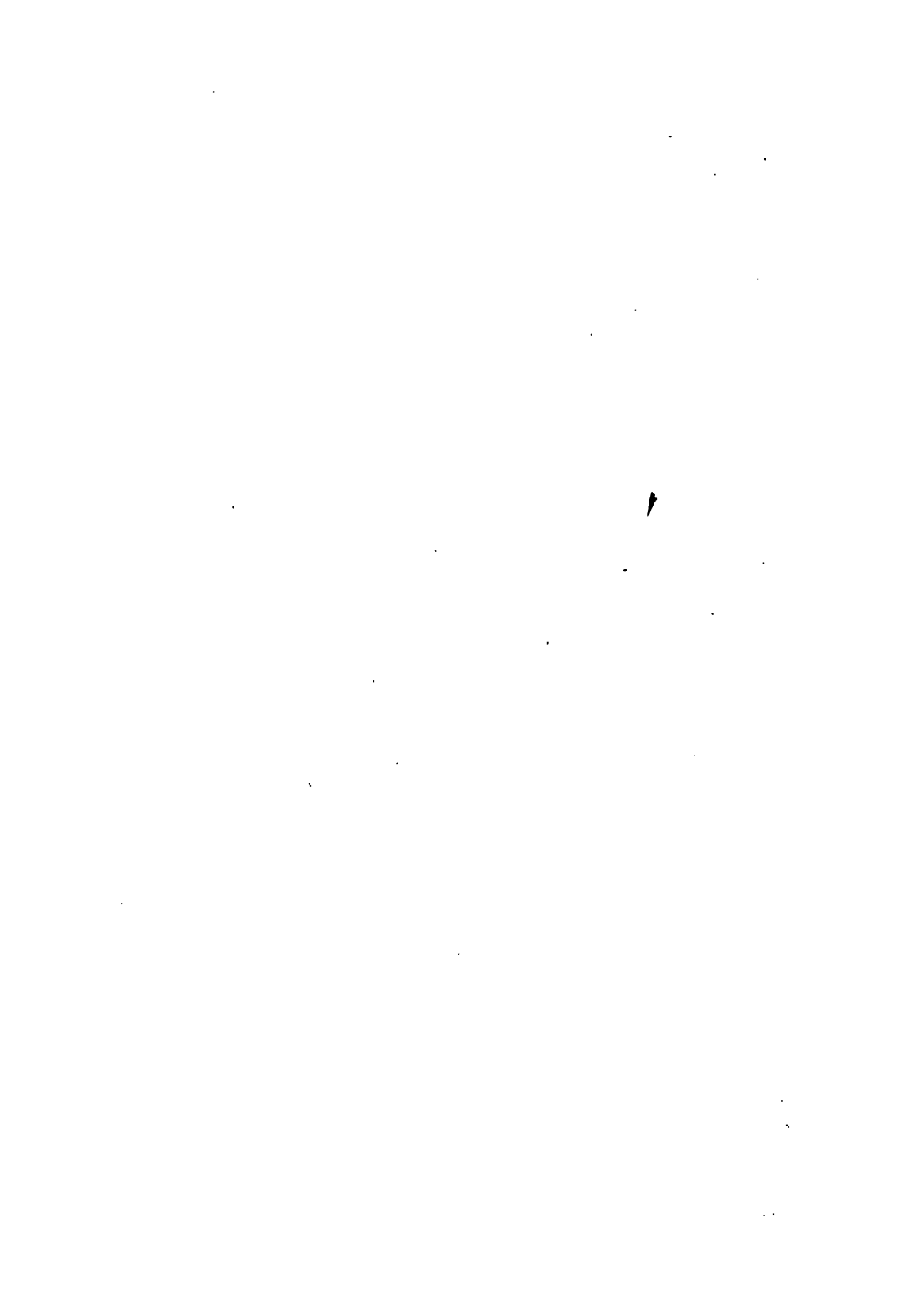
To the mind of a sanguine complexion,  
 How pleasure is mingled with grief ;  
 The past wakens serious reflection,  
 The present affords us relief.  
 When those walls tower'd aloft, priestly terror  
 In bonds held the powers of the mind ;  
 Since they fell, we awoke from our error,  
 And religion reigns free—unconfin'd.

Farewell ! thou kind friend of my travels,  
    To whom these vague thoughts I inscribe ;  
The whole a memento unravels,  
    From whence we this truth may imbibe :  
On time's rapid stream we are sailing,  
    To eternity's ocean it turns ;  
One voyage alone is availing,  
    Time ebbs not—it never returns.











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